



WHOLE NUMBER 9010

NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 15, 1921

VOLUME CLXII—NO. 32

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors.

A. H. SANBORN,

Mercury Building,

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local, and general news, well established, intelligible, and valuable. It reaches all households in the State, and in many households in this and other states. The limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Terms: \$5.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by addressing

JOHN D. H. LUCE

Mr. John D. H. Luce, a son of the late Admiral Stephen B. Luce, was fatally injured in an automobile accident in Fall River on Saturday, his death occurring at St. Ann's Hospital in that city on Tuesday. His sister, Mrs. Boutelle Noyes, was with him when the end came. From the first it was realized that his injuries were very serious and his recovery was regarded as doubtful.

Mr. Luce had lived in Boston for many years, having been connected with Kidder, Peabody & Co., for nearly 20 years previous to 1898, when he became a member of the firm of Luce, Cushing & Co., engaged in Central American enterprises. He was born in Washington in 1865.

Some months ago Mr. Luce leased the Chanley estate on Cliff Avenue, and had made his home there, intending to make Newport his permanent residence. He had taken a considerable interest in Newport affairs, particularly at the Art Association and the Seamen's Church Institute.

He is survived by one son, Mr. Stephen B. Luce, his wife having died some years ago. His mother, Mrs. Stephen B. Luce, and one sister, Mrs. Boutelle Noyes, live in Newport, while another sister, Mrs. Montgomery Macomber, resides in Washington.

According to reports from Washington, Congressman W. W. Lufkin of the House naval committee, who recently made an inspection of the Newport Naval Training Station, will urge upon Congress the necessity of preserving the Station here and making suitable appropriations for its support. He is wholly opposed to removing the War College to Washington, as recommended by Secretary Daniels. While this is encouraging to Newporters, it is difficult to tell what Congress will do, while the movement to reduce army and naval expenditures is in order, but inasmuch as a valuable property will be thrown away if the Newport Station is not supported, it is presumed that reasonable appropriations will be made.

Mr. T. Fred Kaulf, who was recently appointed Inspector of food products to succeed Mr. Hazard, finds the position, not wholly a bed of roses. This week he found it necessary to destroy some unfit meat in a store on West Broadway, when the proprietor became incensed and pushed him from the store. Later the proprietor was called to the Police Station and was given a straight talk as to the powers of the Inspector. Mr. Kaulf preferred not to prefer a formal complaint against the man, as he felt that he was ignorant of the law, but it is safe to say that he will not offend in a similar manner again.

The hearing before the board of aldermen at the City Hall on Friday night of last week developed considerable criticism of the work of the fire department, the principal speakers being Dr. Horace P. Beck, who criticised the drills, among other things, and Messrs. James T. O'Connell and Marshall W. Hall, who dwelt principally upon the work of the department at the Long Wharf fire. Questions were asked of all the speakers, and the board seemed determined to have a thorough investigation. At the close of the hearing was adjourned to Friday night of this week.

The report of Truant Officer Tompkins contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 81; number of cases of truancy (public, 3, parochial 3), 6; number out for illness and other causes, 75; number of different children truants, 6; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public schools, 1; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of certificates issued, 8.

On January 1 a boy who was on probation for larceny was sentenced for sentence for larceny and truancy. He was reprimanded by the Court, and his probation continued.

Colonel Cozzens presented the report of the finance committee and also called attention to the fact that the committee of 25 had not invited the finance committee before it, but had made cuts in the estimate. He wanted to know what to do about the payrolls. It was decided that the payrolls should be made out at authorized by the school committee. A request from Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham for a year's leave of absence was denied. Superintendent Lull was authorized to attend the annual convention of school superintendents to be held at Atlantic City.

There was some discussion over the proposed new Sheffield School, but it was felt that nothing would be lost by waiting for a while. In any event, the school committee has no actual authority in the erection of new school buildings beyond the choice of a site.

Mr. William Allen, the veteran barber, quietly observed the eightieth anniversary of his birth on Monday, January 10. On December 1st he completed 68 years at a barber's chair, having entered the employ of the late Gorion Anderson on Thames street on December 1, 1852. This is a record that will be hard to beat.

Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen there was a hearing on the application of Lawton & Chace for a permit to extend their garage property on Durfee street. A protest was also received from Harry W. Tenant, who owns adjoining property, his protest being based on the fact that the addition would shut the light off from that side of his house. The board found they had no jurisdiction as long as the law was complied with and the building inspector was directed to grant the permit.

A large amount of routine business was considered and steps were taken to advertise for many of the things authorized by the representative council. The board ordered the issuance of bonds for the Bath Road and Washington Street improvement. Aldermen Williams and Thompson were appointed a committee to confer with the officers of the Newport hospital in regard to the contract for the care of the city sick. Bids were opened for supplies for the fire department and were referred to the City Clerk.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

There has been no undue excitement in the State Legislature this week, pending the completion of the organization for the next two years. Both branches have adopted the rules, which are practically the same as last year except that the House has added a rule to provide that a motion to discharge a committee from further consideration of a bill can be entertained only on a Friday. It was thought likely that the committees of both branches would be anounced on Friday.

Governor San Souci has sent a number of appointments to the Senate, to fill vacancies incident to the beginning of the year. For member of the State board of examiners in optometry Governor San Souci named Mr. William P. Carr of this city. The position had previously been held by Dr. Frank W. Putman.

A number of new bills have been introduced but went to the table pending the appointment of committees.

RHODE ISLAND AHEAD AS USUAL

The Presidential electors met on Monday, cast their ballots for Harding and Coolidge and sent them to Washington by special messenger, as the law requires. That messenger arrived in Washington Tuesday morning before the Vice President, whose duty it is to receive these votes, was out of bed. The ballots were filed with that official's secretary long hours before any other State reported.

Mr. Albert G. Crosby, who has lived alone at his home on Sherman street for a number of years, has been removed to a sanitarium where he can have constant care. He is in his eightieth year, and has failed considerably in the past few weeks, both mentally and physically.

The price of coal in some cities near Newport is being reduced. There seems no doubt but that there is now plenty of coal in New England to insure adequate supplies for the rest of the winter. The warm weather has helped to prevent undue demand upon the supply.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. James have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lillian James, to Mr. Herbert J. Simons.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The regular meeting of the school committee, the first of the new year, was held on Monday evening, when the committee organized by the election of Thomas B. Congdon as chairman and William R. Harvey as vice chairman. The new members were present and were sworn in.

A report was received from the sub-committee appointed to investigate a complaint made by a committee of citizens against Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham of the Rogers High School, staff for remarks regarding the claimant to the "presidency of the Irish Republic." The sub-committee reported that Miss Peckham admitted making the remarks alleged, and a letter was adopted to be sent to her expressing the disapproval of the committee. Representatives of the citizens committee were then admitted and expressed satisfaction that the matter had been investigated.

The monthly report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

Total enrollment, 4103, average number belonging, 2910.4, average number attending, 2619.2, per cent. of attendance, 92.1, cases of tardiness, 204, and cases of dismissal before the end of a session, 43.

Enrolled in Rogers High School 759 as compared with 738 a year ago.

Absences: 94 sessions by 19 teachers.

Absences: 4 sessions by 3 assistants.

Tardiness: 15 times by 10 teachers.

Tardiness: once by 1 assistant.

Evening Schools

Average attendance since the last meeting:

	Men	Women
Elementary	17.7	11.8
Typewriting	5.2	17.6
Stenography	4.8	19.5
Mechanical drawing	9.1	
Algebra	7.5	11.0

The Algebra class illustrates the unfortunate conditions under which the evening schools are conducted. By special request 43 men asked for this work. The largest attendance has been 39 and then by gradual decrease the attendance has fallen to less than one-third. The cost for books has been \$49.44 and for teaching \$99—a total of \$139.44.

Board of Health

Since the last meeting the board has reported two cases of scarlet fever and one of diphtheria. The pupils ill have caused the exclusion of fourteen other pupils.

Teachers' Retirement Fund

The finance committee of the Teachers' Retirement fund have deposited with the City Treasurer \$6227.06 as the proceeds of the recent bazaar. All known bills have been paid and there is still a small amount due from the advertising pamphlet. The trustees of the fund voted Thursday, December 20, 1920, to invest in Liberty bonds with a face value of \$50,000 and they have made the purchase. There will be a balance in the Savings Bank of Newport and the Industrial Trust Company of about \$10,000, and also there are shares in the Aquidneck Bank, the Newport Realty Company, and the Builders and Merchants' having a par value of \$2400.

Miss Hunter

After twelve successive years of service as a member of the school committee Miss Anna F. Hunter declined to run again. Miss Hunter served on the sub-committee on Buildings, Teachers, Evening Schools and the Text Books and Curriculum. For the last eight years she was chairman of the last named committee. Whenever any matter was referred to this committee she made careful and accurate investigation before reporting.

The report of Truant Officer Tompkins contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 81; number of cases of truancy (public, 3, parochial 3), 6; number out for illness and other causes, 75; number of different children truants, 6; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public schools, 1; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of certificates issued, 8.

On January 1 a boy who was on probation for larceny was sentenced for sentence for larceny and truancy. He was reprimanded by the Court, and his probation continued.

Colonel Cozzens presented the report of the finance committee and also called attention to the fact that the committee of 25 had not invited the finance committee before it, but had made cuts in the estimate. He wanted to know what to do about the payrolls. It was decided that the payrolls should be made out at authorized by the school committee. A request from Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham for a year's leave of absence was denied. Superintendent Lull was authorized to attend the annual convention of school superintendents to be held at Atlantic City.

There was some discussion over the proposed new Sheffield School, but it was felt that nothing would be lost by waiting for a while. In any event, the school committee has no actual authority in the erection of new school buildings beyond the choice of a site.

NEWPORT DAIRYMEN WILL ATTEND

Newport County dairymen will be well represented at the annual meeting of the New England Milk Producers' Association in Boston, Jan. 25 and 26 when milk marketing problems will be discussed and policies for all New England will be fixed for the year. The County Association will be represented by its President, Frank T. Peckham of Middletown, and it is probable that a number of members from different local associations will attend. The County Secretary is Clinton B. Copeland of Newport. The County Agent has also been invited to attend all sessions.

A record breaking attendance is expected at the meetings, as there has been a substantial increase in number and interest in the Association during the year. A special invitation has been extended to the wives of Association members to be present at the banquet and evening session on the opening day. Dr. A. W. Gilbert, Massachusetts State Commissioner of Agriculture, will be toastmaster and the speakers will be Dr. Charles E. North, widely known for his connection with studying the sanitary handling of milk, and Prof. W. P. B. Lockwood, head of the Dairy division of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

The first day of the meeting will be given over largely to reports, including those of the Managing Director and the market and field district managers. Policies and program will be decided upon at the second day sessions and officers will be elected. The Association must elect a President to take the place of the late Frank S. Adams, of Bowdoinham, Me., whose death in November was a great loss to the Association. Chauncy M. Gleason of Haverhill, Mass., acting president, will preside at the meeting.

The New England Milk Producers' Association now has about 21,000 members, representing Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, also portions of Connecticut and of New York State. The locals in the Newport County Association are Newport, Portsmouth and Tiverton, with a total of 221 members.

Mr. Michael M. Murphy was run over by an automobile truck at Broadway and Ayer street Thursday morning and was removed to his home where the extent of his injuries is being investigated. A few hours later Mr. William Geib was knocked from his bicycle by another truck at Broadway and Equality Park. He was taken to the Newport Hospital. The truck that figured in the first accident was owned by Robert A. Smith and the other by the Newport Bank and the Industrial Trust Company of about \$10,000, and also there are shares in the Aquidneck Bank, the Newport Realty Company, and the Builders and Merchants' having a par value of \$2400.

Miss Hunter

After twelve successive years of service as a member of the school committee Miss Anna F. Hunter declined to run again. Miss Hunter served on the sub-committee on Buildings, Teachers, Evening Schools and the Text Books and Curriculum. For the last eight years she was chairman of the last named committee. Whenever any matter was referred to this committee she made careful and accurate investigation before reporting.

The report of Truant Officer Tompkins contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 81; number of cases of truancy (public, 3, parochial 3), 6; number out for illness and other causes, 75; number of different children truants, 6; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public schools, 1; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of certificates issued, 8.

On January 1 a boy who was on probation for larceny was sentenced for sentence for larceny and truancy. He was reprimanded by the Court, and his probation continued.

Colonel Cozzens presented the report of the finance committee and also called attention to the fact that the committee of 25 had not invited the finance committee before it, but had made cuts in the estimate. He wanted to know what to do about the payrolls. It was decided that the payrolls should be made out at authorized by the school committee. A request from Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham for a year's leave of absence was denied. Superintendent Lull was authorized to attend the annual convention of school superintendents to be held at Atlantic City.

There was some discussion over the proposed new Sheffield School, but it was felt that nothing would be lost by waiting for a while. In any event, the school committee has no actual authority in the erection of new school buildings beyond the choice of a site.

Mr. Harold Stearns Caylor occupied the pulpit of the United Congregational Church on Sunday last, and was welcomed to his new pastorate by a large congregation.

Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton has gone to Camden, S. C., where she will spend the winter.

LITTLE COMPTON

Borden Wordell, the oldest resident of Little Compton, passed his 98th birthday recently. Mr. Wordell still retains his faculties and enjoys good health, being able to be about. Mr. Wordell holds the gold-headed cane which is given to the oldest citizen of the town. With his son, Lafayette, he lives at the Borden home on the West Road.

OFFICERS ELECTED

Trinity Church
Senior Warden—George Gordon King.

Junior Warden—William J. Cozzens.

Secretary—Herbert Bliss.

Treasurer—James P. Cozzens.

Vestrymen—Robert C. Coltrrell, Jeremiah L. Greene, William D. Sayer, Clarence A. Carr, Herbert Bliss, Edward Griffith, Henry Barton Jacobs.

Council of Advice—George Peckham, George Peckham, William Ehni, Arthur Wetmore, William Ehni, Arthur Curtis James.

Budget Committee—George Gordon King, James P. Cozzens, Jeremiah L. Greene.

Delegates to Diocesan Convention—George Gordon King, William H. Coltrrell, Edward Griffith, Robert C. Coltrrell, Lucille R. Edgar.

Alternates—William D. Sayer, Andrew J. Deblis, Elizabeth Breese Smith, Clarence A. Carr, Henry T. Maxwell.

Delegates to Convocation—Mrs. John Ires, Mrs. Edward G. Brown, Henry C. Wilkinson, George Gordon King, Mrs. N. R. Salpau.

TAXI

An Adventure Romance

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

COPYRIGHT THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

PART I.

Moral Emblems.

Please don't skip this description of Robert Hervey Randolph—six feet straight up and down, broad of shoulder and narrow of hip, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, nose slightly up-ended and wearing a saddle of faint freckles, clean shaven, well groomed, very correctly dressed, and twenty-six years old. Let it be added that his eyes were placed just far enough apart to stamp him forever honest; he had an open and most prepossessing countenance.

At the moment of the start of this rapid yarn, he was standing in the Van Tellers' library, looking down in pain and flushed surprise at Miss Madge Van T., who was sitting in a huge leather chair half facing the fire in the open grate, one leg very much under her, the other waving a satin-and-silk combination of foot and ankle in distracting accompaniment to her disturbing speech.

"Bobby," said Miss Van T., "you are darned good-looking; you're strong, straight, and a gentleman; there are times when you are wholly adorable, but, nevertheless, I'm not going to the show with you tonight, or to the opera tomorrow, or anywhere any more. There, there, dear boy; you don't have to say anything. You have one of those faces that is absolutely beyond the aid of a vocal organ. It says everything that is in your heart of gold before your brain has time to tickle a bell."

"Look here, Madge," said the pained Mr. Randolph: "are you making fun of my face or of my brain or of both?"

"My dear," said Miss Van T. quite gravely, "I'm not making fun of you in any way whatsoever. I'm merely telling you how lovely you are, so that you will understand how serious it is when I say that I've decided not to love you any more."

"But how can you help it?" stammered Mr. Randolph, his tongue for once saying the same thing as his face at the same time.

Miss Van T.'s breast fluttered as though rising against its mistress to the defense of this disingenuous young man, and she was obliged to avert her eyes from his and draw a long breath before she answered.

"I can, because I will," she said, her face palming. "Oh, Bobby, can't you wake up? Look round you and come to earth! You are born and bred on Manhattan, yet you've never seen New York."

"I guess you're right," said Bobby thoughtfully. "Look here, Madge: why should I try to see New York, and why should we be talking ash-cans when I've got you to look at in one of the most bewitching and abbreviated bits of dress goods that ever revealed a completely adorable person? Tell me that."

"Well," said Madge, her face hardening. "I will. It's a long story, not in words but in generations. The Van Tellers have lived in East Ninth street since the year one of the island. That is, they used to live here; now they hardly exist. They are merely an assorted lot of animated corpses that crawl out of their tomb periodically to take a strange air, leaning on a rotten staff called the 'Old Order.' Listen to this, Bobby: The new New York is a fever, and I've caught it. I want a rainy-day car, a calling-car, and a touring car; I want dresses that will stab with envy the heart of every woman that looks at them; I want my jewels to run to size and quality, and I want a yacht just for the papers to talk about, because I hate to ride in the smelly things."

Bobby's eyes had grown rounder and wider as the list progressed.

"Do you think you could get along on a hundred thousand a year?" he asked very softly.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I've been going into the subject rather thoroughly, and a hundred thousand would be running it on a pretty close margin. By the way, just what is your allowance under that crazy will?"

"Ten thousand," said Bobby.

"Well," said Miss Van T., "there you are! Just enough to keep you comfortably in debt, and you want to marry me on it! It wouldn't be quite so out of the question if you knew you were going to have it forever, but you don't. It may be cut off."

"Any day," said Bobby promptly. "It isn't likely, after all these years, but it may."

"Well, there you are!" Miss Van T. repeated herself. "I'm not altogether a pig, Bobby. Ten thousand with you thrown in is enough to make any woman think three times, but the truth is you have been killed by too little and too much kindness. If you had never gone on as super for a disappearing heiress, you might have amounted to something by now. Instead of making you, that money has buried you."

"You don't know the altogether, Madge," said Bobby. "Do you think I've never thought things out? When I need to make money, I'll do it. The great thing nowadays, it seems to me, is not to have too much."

"Not to have too much!" exclaimed Miss Van T., a puzzled frown on her forehead. "Bobby, do you know that they rush, whirl, and—"

"And crash," finished Bobby. "That's the very word," said Madge. "If you'll only keep on the way you've started, I'd love to talk to you all night."

"No chance of that," said Bobby, straight-lipped. "I'm through, and I'm going." He turned toward the door.

"Not without kissing me good-bye, Bobby!" cried Madge.

He looked over his shoulder with a polite but impersonal smile.

"I'm not much on kissing strange women," he said tightly. "It would take me years to learn to kiss you again."

He left the room and the house.

With his top-hat pushed back on his head, the ends of his muffler flying loose, his overcoat half unbuttoned, he swayed up the deserted lower reaches of the Avenue, punctuating his thoughts with the solid rap of his stick on the pavement. It might be supposed that he was thinking and musing over the sudden demise of the Miss Van Teller he had thought he had known for many years, but such was not the case.

Mr. Randolph was not built on mourning lines; at the moment under review, he was thinking about himself and the strange fate that had made him a foster-child of fortune. He proceeded to look back ten years. Just a decade ago he had had his one meeting with the young lady whose disappearance had brought him an unstable influence. It had taken place on this very avenue and less than forty short blocks away. He had reason to remember the encounter, for it had brought into sudden conjunction a lovely Persian cat, a lovely wire-haired terrier, a lovely child, and himself.

The cat had dashed from a proud front door to cross Forty-something street under the nose of a taxicab; the dog had flown in yapping pursuit and, in the act, snatched his young mistress off her pins. He, Mr. Randolph, had seized one of her flying feet, hauled her and the terrier back to safety, and no sooner placed her upright and smoothed down her absurdly short skirts than he, she, and especially it, the dog, became the center and circumference of an animated pinwheel.

Her unshaken determination to hold to the leash, whatever happened, brought disaster. The said leash wound three times round her ankles and those of Mr. Randolph, bringing them both down kerplunk and facing each other. "My, what a bump!" she had cried. In startled tones, and then thrown back her curly head, had laughed.

It was so that he remembered her—a child of ten or eleven summers ago, no winters, merry as a sunny day, dark-haired, dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, pampered but unspoiled. She had risen and taken his hand, told him her name, thanked him, ordered a hurried purse to thank him, shaken her finger at the terrier, and said, "Good-bye" and "Come on, Maggie," all while he was still rubbing the seat of his first long trousers.

On that day she had been Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, petted darling of the gods and Mr. Brewster Thornton, banker and widower; two months later had come Thornton's financial smash and, immediately afterward, his spiritual, moral and bodily collapse. Everything that had made for life in him having been swept away, he died as a matter of course, and was buried. For sole inheritance, Little Gentle Thornton found herself possessor and possessed of one Muggie O'Rourke, a nurse of long standing, of earnest and full-fledged, and a monster heart imprisoned in a pitifully thin chest.

It had taken Gentle's great-uncle, Asa Thornton, six months to get a quartet of sixteen years' standing with his nephew, and by that time child and nurse had been seeped into that lower world, which can't afford morning and afternoon editions and is too busy praying for daily bread to look for a ruin of manna in the daily press.

In short, Maggie and her charge, traced down the ladder of reputable, disreputable and impossible lodgings, had slipped ultimately from sight and the ken of people with addresses, and, as a result, Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, whose relationship to Mr. Asa Thornton is of no import whatever to this tale of cause and effect, came into ten thousand a year and a string—the string being the possible reappearance of Miss Imogene Pamela.

"Bob," had said old Asa, on the verge of a total demise, "I'll not introduce you to a war between conscience and self-interest. There's no silly story-book test about my money; you are under no obligation to look for Imogene or to shout if you step on her by any twist of chance. My lawyers have all the instructions necessary along those lines; they are to make every reasonable effort, and if they succeed, why, you're man enough to look out for yourself. It—it isn't going to make a devil of a lot of difference to me where the cash goes so long as I die with—die with the credit."

With that last sentence, his mind had stumbled and wandered off to memories of his nephew Brewster. Looking back from the vantage of twenty-six years, Randolph caught, for the first time, the full import of Asa Thornton's farewell words to him and to life: "Die with the credit." They held the kernel of the old man's carefully measured amende.

"Great old 'top'!" murmured Mr. Randolph aloud, and half unconsciously turned to the left at Forty-second street. Five minutes later he was caught in the maelstrom of the Thanksgiving crowd milling around Times square.

Presently he found himself on the edge of a human sea, banked up to give passage to a honking empty taxicab. Here was another question for a suddenly inquiring mind: Where did taxicabs, empty ones, go to in such a hurry? The door of this one was swinging open, and the proof of how intent the crowd was on its myriad individual goals is evidenced by the fact that a dozen voices did not inform the driver that the season was over for fans on wheels.

The cab was moving more slowly

than Mr. Randolph's subconscious mind, which led him to step into it and quietly close the inviting door. Upon seating himself, he tried to analyze the impulse that had lifted him from the curb. He decided that it was not so much the curiosity as to the destination of empty cabs as a natural and ancient dislike for being pushed and elbowed by people.

It was not long before the cab, unwillingly loaded for bear, drew up with a final honk at the stage-door of the Crocodile. Immediately came a rasping voice that was vaguely familiar to Mr. Randolph.

"Well," it said, "you sure took your own time getting here." The driver, expert in aggravating repartee without words, pressed the bulb of his amorous horn three times. "Cut it out!" said the rasping voice. "There isn't any hurry now."

It was incredible, reasoned Mr. Randolph with himself, that anyone should forget that voice once heard, and he was right. He remembered it. It was the voice of Mr. Duke Beamer, whom he had had the instinct pleasure of blackballing for one club in college and three in town. Mr. Beamer, to his honest mind, was the best living example of animated slime in tailormade clothes.

Mr. Beamer was not alone; Mr. Randolph could just see his companion through the stain of the half-raised window-glass, and even that distorted glimpse was very close to a vision. The girl was young, beautiful, and troubled. Her cheeks were thin and pale, her parted lips aquiver; her chin was tremble. Of course she was very neatly but neatly clothed.

"Make up your mind," said the rasping voice. "Ride with me or walk the streets by yourself, and don't forget that there's no job behind you. You've said good-bye to that door for good."

The girl's wan face went through that contortion which says, "I won't cry" and doesn't, thereby achieving a pity beyond the need of tears. The quivering of her lips, the trembling of her chin grew more pronounced—only to steady down as she swept up straight and imploring eyes to the face of the unseen man.

"Oh, Duke," she begged, "promise—promise you'll be always good to me."

"Of course, little one," said the rasping voice, promptly and much relieved, promising lightly to pay on demand, in full for a soul delivered in advance.

"You'll never regret it, believe me."

The girl tore her doubting eyes from his face and stepped toward the cab. Mr. Randolph made himself exceedingly small in the corner nearest the curb. An unseen agent opened the door; the girl slipped in and turned to seat herself, her escort made to follow. Then did Mr. Randolph suddenly lean forward and proceed to push in the face of Mr. Beamer with his open hand and the full weight of his shoulder. That astonished scion of a once gentlemanly house reeled backward and sat down on the pavement kerb.

"My, what a bump!" spoke a keen young voice, over Mr. Randolph's



"It Would Take Me Years to Learn to Kiss You Again"

shoulder, but he was too occupied to take note of it at this time. He leaned far out so that he never could get the full effect of his kick-top.

"Ten dollars' worth of the park," is what he said.

The driver welcomed the sudden apparition with a friendly grin, honked defiantly three times, and threw in the clutch. They were off, and trailing after them came such a string of blasphemous utterances as made Mr. Randolph wince.

The girl was laughing. No longer did her eyes search for a gleam they thought they had lost forever. It was there within them, come back to roll in her pupils and spill itself in reckless spending.

"Oh! Oh! What a bump!" she gasped.

"Funny, wasn't it?" said Mr. Randolph weakly.

"Awfully," said the girl.

Thereupon fell a long silence. The cab cut across the traffic, reached the Avenue, and eventually the dark park before Mr. Randolph found anything further to say.

"Funny, wasn't it?" he remarked.

The girl cast him a startled look.

"Why," she quirked, "that's what you said before."

"So I did," said Mr. Randolph, frowning thoughtfully. "So I did. By the way, what's your name?"

The girl caught her breath and swallowed her laughter.

"Vivienne Viciere," she said, after a pause.

"How awful!" commented Mr. Randolph. "One of those deliberate alterations that go with the back row of the chorus."

"Front row," Vivienne defended proudly, but unwillingly. Her lips twisted down at the corners. "At least, it was front row."

"I know," said Mr. Randolph. "You've been fired. I heard what Beamer said to you. How long have you known that snake?"

"Not very long," she answered. "He got me on, and I suppose he got me off." She drew a long breath and turned appealing eyes to Randolph. "Please," she said, "don't let's talk about him. I want so to be happy for a few minutes. I love the park at night with its border of lights. Let's play a game."

"A game?" said Randolph doubtfully.

"Yes. We'll guess which is Central Park West and which is One Hundred and Tenth street and which is the avenue. It is not as easy as you think after you've been going round a while. I'm feeling dizzy already."

"You are!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Well, let me tell you it isn't from buzzing round a two-mile circuit. What did you have for dinner?"

"Miss Vivienne shut her lips tight.

"Won't you please play my game?" she asked faintly.

Mr. Randolph frowned as though considering the subject very seriously, but the matter that held his attention was not the proposed guessing-match. That would not have been fair nor amusing, as the delights of his own very comfortable apartment blinded at him every time they came to Fifty-ninth street. He was justly blushing a very questionable move. He wished to feed this stray damsel and, at the same time, talk to her with a purpose. He could not see himself doing it in a cabaret, and every hotel supper room had already become one of those trolleys. He came to a decision and spoke.

"I'll take a hand in your game, all right, but not just as you think. Do you—will you trust me?" Immediately the girl was on her guard. She looked into his face and read it.

"I would never have thought of not trusting you if you hadn't asked that old 'old' trap question," she said gravely.

"Forget that I asked it," said Mr. Randolph promptly, and leaned out to give the driver his address. A blushing and weary girl was still on that individual's face when he drew up before Mr. Randolph's abode and honked three times decisively to the world. In general as seen from the front of a taxi.

"Wait," said Mr. Randolph to the John, as he hopped out the girl. She paused with one foot half-way to the curb, but that single word directing anything as expensive as a taxi to stand so reassured her.

Randolph preceded her to show the way and turn on lights. He never looked back to see if she followed, and this implied trust in herself seemed to drag her after him up the single flight of stairs that led to his rooms.

"Old-fashioned but cozy," he said, as he applied a latch-key and opened a door that gave directly on a large square sitting room. "I hate elevators in a place you call home."

"In an open grate was a dying wood fire. He proceeded to poke and feed it at once, saying over his shoulder:

"Sit down anywhere, will you?"

Feeling the fire was a decent and much worn leather couch, with a pedestal at each end carrying shaded lamps. They were the only ones he had lighted, and their glow was so subdued that it blended with that of the fire without fighting it. The girl chose to seat herself stiffly in a corner of this couch.

Mr. Randolph looked at her right pose with a wicked disapproval, but said nothing. Having rejuvenated the fire till it leaped merrily to an attack on the fresh backlog, he left the room and was absent for a considerable time. When he returned, it was to place a small table before his guest and then he fetched a tray well loaded with those things which grace in perpetuity a healthy bachelor's larder.

He drew up a chair for himself and, with an inviting nod, started to eat a great meal and very rapidly.

"Get in on the couch while there's time," he admonished. "I warn you there's nothing more in the house."

The girl gave him a grateful look and proceeded to fill herself with the most sustaining food within reach. She did not fail to note that there was nothing to drink but water. When they could eat no more, Mr. Randolph removed the table, and then seated himself in the opposite corner of the couch.

"You don't seem to be at ease here," he said presently. "If you think you'll be more comfortable, we can go down and sit in the cab. I want to talk to you."

The girl considered gravely for a moment; then her face broke into a rippling smile that swept up and settled in her eyes. She reached for a cushion, put it at her back, tucked one

under her, and lay back, from just beyond his clasp, her eyes widened. "And now," she continued, "you're like me."

"Funny, wasn't it?" he remarked.

</div

Newport & Providence
Street Ry Co.Cars Leave Washington
Square for ProvidenceWEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 8.50 P. M.

RACE SOON TO BE EXTINCT

Fins in Wake of Civilization Have
Spelt Doom to the Polynesians
of South Seas.That modern civilization is bringing death and extermination to the splendid race known as the Polynesians, is the claim of all travelers who have spent time on the beautiful southern Pacific Islands. Charles Bernard Nordhoff, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is sorrowing over this says:

"To say that Christianity was their undoing would be absurd; they died and are dying under the encroachments of the European civilization of which Christianity was the forerunner. Everywhere in the South seas the story has been the same, whether told by Stevenson, or Melville, or Louis Becke. We brought them disease; we brought them cotton clothing (almost as great a curse); we suppressed the sports and amusement and petty wars which enabled the old islanders to maintain their interest in life. And lastly, we brought them an alien code of morals, which succeeded chiefly in making hypocrites of the men whose souls it was designed to save. Today there is nothing to be said, nothing to be done—the Polynesian race will soon be only a memory."

New Method of Identification.

Not only are the finger-prints of every human being different but the position of the bones of the fingers, and also the shape of the nails are different. Doctor Becke, a well-known student of radiography, utilizes this fact in a new method for identifying criminals. The method consists in making an X-ray photograph of the hand, showing the bones and the finger-nails. Ordinarily, such a photograph would not show the flesh, but in order that the record may be complete the fingers are soaked in an opaque salt, by means of which all the lines and marks are clearly shown. Doctor Becke considers that the possibility afforded by his discovery of keeping a record of prints as well as of finger prints should prove of the greatest use in identifying criminals.

Vast Wealth In Liberia.

The Sun and New York Herald, a few weeks ago was probably the first newspaper in our country to announce that Liberia, in West Africa, had just come into view as very rich in natural resources, both agricultural and mineral. It is nearly as large as the state of New York, fronts on the Atlantic for about 800 miles and its coast belt is only about twenty miles wide. North of the coast belt the whole country is a vast forest, through which Sir Alfred Sharpe of England has recently penetrated. He has informed the Royal Geographical Society of the enormous population of this till now, unknown, forest land and of the unexpected resources, including gold, and other minerals, that await development there.

A Play in Big City.

It seems a little odd to think of domesticating bees in a great city, yet there has been discovered in New York a man who successfully attempted this. It was this man's love for natural history, and particularly for insects that led him to experiment in keeping one apary on the roof of his home on One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street. He procured a hive, stocked it, and awaited results. The bees rallied forth, but not to starvation. In a short time they had combs in process of construction and were filling them with honey.

Bare Feet Not Injurious.

Eve was reputedly barefoot and Nausicaa played bare all the better because she went unshod. Helen of Troy at the most wore sandals, and the sandal is the compromise between the shoeless and the shod. It is easier to make sandals than to make boots. In Ireland and Scotland the children bare two barefoot for many a day, and the wit of one and the enterprise of the other show that there is nothing really demoralizing in going without shoes and stockings. London Chronicle.

Mixed Her Metaphors.

Among the humors of the campaign for woman's suffrage is the following "bull" which, we may remark, is about as good as anything in this life ever perpetrated by one of the opposing sex. Indignant over something, we forget exactly what, a suffragist once exclaimed: "This action is almost as if the senate had buried its glove into the teeth of the advancing wave that is sounding the clarion of equal rights."—Boston Transcript.

Color and Precious Stones.

Diamonds are not always crystal clear, but very greatly as to color and few of the precious stones are true to color. The famous Hope diamond is a real, and most beautiful, blue. Green diamonds are found, and others of a lovely crimson, but these are very rare. Black diamonds are common enough. Black pearls are rarer, but are found. Pink pearls are greatly prized.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

TAXI

dead weight of unspun flesh.

"It is true," she answered, desperately. "You don't really want me and I can never love you now."

Randolph awoke to that still cry. He shook her, seized her head in both his hands, and forced her eyes to meet the blaze in his.

"You generous, careless, adorable little fool!" he growled. "Why, you're the most desirable and precious bundle of lovable charm that rubber man ever trembled to hold in sacrilegious arms!"

She stared at him amazed.

"Why don't you kiss the way you talk?" she demanded.

"Because there's no reason for your desperate barter, my dear Imogene Pamela Thornton."

In one little motion she was out of his arms, on her feet, back to the fire, head upturned.

"How dare you—how dare you call me by that name?" She was transformed; her eyes flashed with such a light as made the blaze in his own a blitzy thing. "Do you think she would lie in your arms?" She asked, gulping out the words. "Viviane Vivierre?"

Her lips curled in distaste at the name. "Oh, yes; poor despairing thing! But I—Pamela Thornton! Oh, who are you? Why, you?" She dropped her face in her hands and sobbed as though her heart had broken.

Randolph did not leap to comfort her this time; he did not even watch her. With his eyes on the edges of fire that peeped from between and round her ankles, he began to talk.

"I knew you; I knew Sport; I knew Maggie. Just once I met you all, and I've never forgotten, I couldn't." He smiled crookedly. "You and I sat down, so, hard together, and you cried out, 'My, what a bump!' and laughed and laughed—just like tonight, back there at the stage-door of the Crocodile."

Pamela stopped crying.

"So you were that awfully nice boy," she said, disclosing fear-stained cheeks and looking him over as though she were inventorying a long list of points of deterioration.

Robert Hervey Randolph, six feet tall, freckled-nosed, open-faced, blue-eyed and broad-shouldered, took up at her almost appealingly as if his whole sum and substance were crying out to be appraised at face value but no less.

"That's me," he said rapidly. "My name is Robert Hervey Randolph. Some people call me 'Bob,' some 'Hervey,' and the 'sidey' ones say 'Randy'."

"And, I shall call you Mr. Randolph," said Miss Thornton bravely, and then broke into: "After—after I've—th—thanked you again—and—had again from my heart, I'm going now."

"That's a wrong guess," said Robert, smiling happily—he didn't know exactly why. "I'm the one that's going, after you promise me that you'll stay here until ten o'clock tomorrow. But before we come to that, please don't thank me ever. It's selfish, but I'd simply love to have you remember me as Bob or Hervey, or, at the very worst, Randy. Won't you?"

She looked this way and that before she let her face ripple to its wondrous smile.

"I'll go as far as Randy," she conceded mischievously; then the smile went and the shadow came. "But I really can't stay here, you know."

Mr. Randolph leaped to his feet, reached her in a single stride, and caught her by both wrists. "Look at me!" he said. "If you won't promise to stay here without a break till ten o'clock tomorrow, and thereafter at your pleasure, I'll stay myself and hold you. Now, do you or don't you? One—two!"

"I do."

"Do, what?" inquired Robert.

"I promise."

"Make yourself absolutely at home, then," he said, as he dropped her hands and turned toward the door.

"I feel like Christmas eve," said Miss Thornton merrily. "Won't you please tell me what's going to happen?"

"You've guessed it—Christmas," he answered enigmatically, tossed the latch-key on the table, and left her.

She can be excused for saying upon him from the curtained window. She saw him awake the cabinet, and then watched the pantomime of a long colloquy.

"Oh!" she moaned. "No! wonder! The awful, awful price of those horrid clock things! Why did I let him tell it to wait?"

Presently, she was amazed to see both the driver and Mr. Randolph disappear into the dark recesses of the cab and close after them its door. For twenty breathless minutes she watched, tormented by the thought that they had retired to have it out where they wouldn't be disturbed by the police. But at last they issued—both of them. Mr. Randolph proceeded to crank the car and then, walking rather strangely, went off, headed west; the driver mounted his box, threw in the clutch, and scurried to the east as though he were off to meet the morning.

"Strange doings!" thought Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, as she turned from the window to start on a privately conducted voyage of discovery.

Strange doings, indeed, and stranger still could Imogene Pamela have heard as well as seen. This is what really happened: Mr. Randolph awoke the cabman gently but thoroughly; then he said:

"Look here: I want to buy your wagon."

"Gosh, boss; wat'dyer take me for? Here I been freezin' most to do fer two mortal hours an' a gent like you starts right in kickin' on the clock widow even readin' it!"

"Shucks!" said Mr. Randolph. "What's biting you? Never mind the meter-reading; here's twenty for you to forget that. Now tell me: Who owns your buzz-wagon? You?"

"Naw," the Village Cab company replied the saturnine cabman as he stuffed the twenty-dollar bill into his trousers pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "you and I are about the same build and

I've got a proposition for you. Change clothes, hand me over your cub, and take two hundred dollars to see yourself to another job!"

The driver showed no surprise; he contemplated the offer with half-closed eyes and dubiously working lips.

"More than that," went on Randolph. "I'm not taking your job just for tonight; I'm going to hold it. The only thing you want to promise is that you'll keep your trap closed if you see any ads in the personal columns looking for me."

"How do I know you won't lift the car and whoop it up for New Haven?" Randolph fixed him in the eye.

"You know I won't, because I say so."

"Sure—that's all right, boss," said the driver conciliatingly. "No bones broke. Now, there's just one thing more: have you figured that it's five hours to the opening of second-hand Sixth avenue or the Bowery, an' I'd have to wear those clothes of yours all that time?"

"What's the matter with these clothes?" asked Randolph, a little peevish. "Well, you've heard my offer. Take it or leave it."

"Sure I'll take it!" said the driver promptly. "If I wasn't a-goin' to have took it from the first, what would I be then?"

Whereupon they entered to the cramped privacy of the cub and exchanged garments. Randolph was ready in ten minutes, but it took him another ten to complete the apprearing of the puzzled chauffeur. That worthy added to his invisielle in Randolph's best evening suit a sticky grin.

"Say," he asked, "how do I look?"

Mr. Randolph surveyed him.

"Oh, you'll do, all right. You look about the way I would if I'd been on a bat. Better have a few drinks, if you can find them, and the world will fall for your clothes. What time do I turn the wagon in, and what time do I go on again? Do you bunk at the garage, by any chance?"

"Never you mind where I bunk," said the ex-cabman suspiciously. "Do you think I'm goin' to throw in a happy home for two hundred? You're on the night shift for this week. Read the rules and regulations when you get to the garage. Say good-by to the boys for me an' tell the manager to go to blazes."

They followed this remark out of the cub; the tough in top's clothing cranked the car and turned westward, as previously; chortled, while Mr. Randolph, now substitute to Patrick O'Reilly as driver of the Village Cab company's No. 1898, hurried his chariot eastward, not to meet the morning, as it had appeared to the watching Miss Thornton, but in search of the residence of the head of the legal firm charged with the duty of carrying out the instructions of the defunct Mr. Asa Thornton.

Mr. Randolph, vice O'Reilly, drew up at the familiar address in Madison Avenue and laid his car check by jaw with the curb as though anchoring it for a long stay; then he descended from the driver's seat, entered the cab, exclaiming thanksgiving at finding a rug, wrapped himself in its warm folds, curled up on the seat and went to sleep.

In the cold early morning the strong arm of the Law reached in and dragged him back from the Elysian Fields where he had been wandering hand in hand with a lovely person dressed in a little velvet tunic and very cheap clothes.

"Here you!" said the voice of the Law. "Don't you know you can't put up a hotel in this burg without a license? Wat the—"

"Morning, Officer," said Randolph, trying his best to be pleasant. "I'm waiting for my fare. Any regulation against that?"

"Don't pull that stuff on me," said the Law. "This isn't the Tenderloin."

"I know it isn't," remarked Mr. Randolph. "But I happen to be waiting for you pleasure. I'll stay myself and hold you. Now, do you or don't you? One—two!"

"I do."

"Do, what?" inquired Robert.

"I promise."

"Make yourself absolutely at home, then," he said, as he dropped her hands and turned toward the door.

"I feel like Christmas eve," said Miss Thornton merrily. "Won't you please tell me what's going to happen?"

"You've guessed it—Christmas," he answered enigmatically, tossed the latch-key on the table, and left her.

She can be excused for saying upon him from the curtained window. She saw him awake the cabinet, and then watched the pantomime of a long colloquy.

"Oh!" she moaned. "No! wonder! The awful, awful price of those horrid clock things! Why did I let him tell it to wait?"

Presently, she was amazed to see both the driver and Mr. Randolph disappear into the dark recesses of the cab and close after them its door. For twenty breathless minutes she watched, tormented by the thought that they had retired to have it out where they wouldn't be disturbed by the police. But at last they issued—both of them. Mr. Randolph proceeded to crank the car and then, walking rather strangely, went off, headed west; the driver mounted his box, threw in the clutch, and scurried to the east as though he were off to meet the morning.

"Strange doings!" thought Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, as she turned from the window to start on a privately conducted voyage of discovery.

Strange doings, indeed, and stranger still could Imogene Pamela have heard as well as seen. This is what really happened: Mr. Randolph awoke the cabman gently but thoroughly; then he said:

"Look here: I want to buy your wagon."

"Gosh, boss; wat'dyer take me for? Here I been freezin' most to do fer two mortal hours an' a gent like you starts right in kickin' on the clock widow even readin' it!"

"Shucks!" said Mr. Randolph. "What's biting you? Never mind the meter-reading; here's twenty for you to forget that. Now tell me: Who owns your buzz-wagon? You?"

"Naw," the Village Cab company replied the saturnine cabman as he stuffed the twenty-dollar bill into his trousers pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "you and I are about the same build and

I've got a proposition for you. Change clothes, hand me over your cub, and take two hundred dollars to see yourself to another job!"

The driver showed no surprise; he contemplated the offer with half-closed eyes and dubiously working lips.

"More than that," went on Randolph. "I'm not taking your job just for tonight; I'm going to hold it. The only thing you want to promise is that you'll keep your trap closed if you see any ads in the personal columns looking for me."

"How do I know you won't lift the car and whoop it up for New Haven?" Randolph fixed him in the eye.

"You know I won't, because I say so."

"Sure—that's all right, boss," said the driver conciliatingly. "No bones broke. Now, there's just one thing more: have you figured that it's five hours to the opening of second-hand Sixth avenue or the Bowery, an' I'd have to wear those clothes of yours all that time?"

"What's the matter with these clothes?" asked Randolph, a little peevish.

"Well, you've heard my offer. Take it or leave it."

"Sure I'll take it!" said the driver promptly.

"If I wasn't a-goin' to have took it from the first, what would I be then?"

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "you and I are about the same build and

I've got a proposition for you. Change clothes, hand me over your cub, and take two hundred dollars to see yourself to another job!"

The driver showed no surprise; he contemplated the offer with half-closed eyes and dubiously working lips.

"More than that," went on Randolph. "I'm not taking your job just for tonight; I'm going to hold it. The only thing you want to promise is that you'll keep your trap closed if you see any ads in the personal columns looking for me."

"How do I know you won't lift the car and whoop it up

Established as *Breakfast's Mercury* 1758

The Mercury.
Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Office Telephone 1411
Hours Telephone 1970

Saturday, January 15, 1921

An Ohio Congressman wishes the dry law to be suspended for thirty days so that the thirsty can drink up the liquor now on hand.

The legislative bill now before Congress carries with it an appropriation of \$7,000,000 for the enforcement of the prohibition liquor law.

With ex-Governor Garvin in the Rhode Island Senate the members will not be given many idle moments. Already he has begun his work of introducing bills and the Senate is young yet.

The latest reports from Harding's self-appointed Cabinet makers say that only one member has as yet been selected by the incoming President, and that one is Charles Evans Hughes for Secretary of State.

The Providence dealers have reduced the price of the slag, slate and stone that they are selling for coal, \$1.00 per ton. Will the Newport dealers now selling the same "fire-proof" stuff please take notice.

Many of the would-be fashionable women of Washington have got inaugural suits for sale. Many prepared on an elaborate scale for an old-fashioned inaugural ball on March 4th. President Harding blasted their hopes of show and now they have no use for inaugural dresses.

There are only a handful of Democrats in the present General Assembly, but what few there are can keep things lively. While they know that most of the bills which they introduce, and which in most cases are introduced for buncumb, will never again see the light of day, that will by no means deter them from putting their bills into the legislative hopper.

If there should be a vacancy in the United States Supreme Court before March 4th, as there is very likely to be, it is said that President Wilson will appoint ex-President William R. Taft to fill it. This would certainly be a good appointment and a very proper one. Taft, while President, appointed Judge White, a Democrat, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Now Wilson can reciprocate by appointing a Republican of National reputation to succeed him.

The President that is to be is going to have plenty of clothes, according to a special despatch to a Boston paper. Here is a list of what his tailor reports that he is to make for him before March 4th: Two cutaway coats, one frock coat, two dinner coats, two dress suits, one frock overcoat, two spring overcoats, six pairs of flannel trousers, 12 silk vests for dinner and dress suits, 12 "everyday" suits, three "everyday" overcoats; six pairs of trousers and six "fancy" vests.

The total vote cast for President this year throughout the country was 28,759,708, an increase of 9,091,881 over four years ago, due largely to the women voters. Of this number of votes President-elect Harding had 16,141,629, a plurality over his opponent, of 7,001,763, a majority never before equalled by any President in the history of the country. Had all the citizens of the South been permitted to vote and have their votes counted, the Harding majority would have been several millions more.

The slag, bone, shale, and stone which is being sold for coal in Newport is apparently the same stuff that is sold all over New England. In Boston they call it "fire-proof" coal and an investigation is demanded. The Massachusetts Fuel Administrator is in Washington, urging that Congress take some action, claiming that the State is being mulcted millions of dollars by this stuff that goes by the name of coal. The people of Newport will heartily approve of his efforts to bring about an investigation.

We are of the opinion that the permanent denizens of the National Capital will not love President-elect Harding if he keeps up the economic methods which he has established in regard to the Fourth of March Inaugural. What Washington wants more than anything else is a great show, and the people don't care what it costs so long as some one else pays the bills. The hotel keepers, in particular, were preparing to reap a rich harvest on the Fourth of March, and already in anticipation were getting thirty and forty dollars a day from the dear people, and now owing to President Harding's declination of any extra ceremony on that occasion they must come down to earth and be satisfied with regular rates from the dear people. President Harding has shown that he possesses a level head in declining all undue pomp and ceremony on the occasion of his inauguration.

SOUTHERN DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NEGROES

Representative Tinckham of Massachusetts is determined that some action shall be taken by Congress to prevent, in the future, the wholesale disfranchisement of the negroes in the South. There is no question but that he is on the right track. The fourteenth amendment of the Constitution is being flagrantly violated in most of the Southern states. The colored vote in some of the states has been entirely wiped out. In many of these states only one political party is allowed to exist. Take the total vote cast by Mississippi; for instance, which has eight Congressmen, and it will be found to be less than one-half that cast by Rhode Island, which has only three Congressmen. In looking over the Congressional Record it will be seen that every one of Mississippi's Congressmen report that they were elected without opposition, which shows that only one party was allowed to vote in that state and have its votes counted. The negro is allowed no share in the government of that state, yet the negro is made to count in making up the number of Congressmen that state shall have. The total vote cast for President at the late election in the eight Southern states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia was 1,213,607. Yet these eight states have sixty-six representatives in Congress. The Northern state of Indiana cast 1,252,398 votes, 48,791 more votes than the entire eight Southern states above mentioned, and yet Indiana has but thirteen representatives against the sixty-six representatives of these eight states. New York, with forty-three representatives, cast 2,995,473, more than double the entire South. Carrying this comparison still further, Rhode Island, with three representatives, cast 167,386 votes, while Mississippi, with eight representatives, cast 82,621 votes and South Carolina, with seven representatives, cast 65,571 votes. The State of Delaware, with one representative, cast 94,768 votes, being 29,185 more votes than was cast by South Carolina to elect its seven Representatives. This injustice to the Northern states should not be allowed to go on longer. If the Southern representation in Congress is cut down in proportion to the number of persons allowed to vote, it will not be long before the colored people of the South will get the rights supposed to be guaranteed to them by the 14th amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEMS

"Reconstruction" is not the terribly difficult problem in this country that it is in Europe. In those war-torn lands millions of crippled men must be taught to support themselves. Debts amounting to almost the entire capital wealth of some of these countries must somehow be financed. Markets have been destroyed, and many business men have to create a wholly new trade.

America's problems are relatively small. Our country is just as rich as it was before the war, and we have no great body of crippled men. Our man power is nearly intact. Pessimists will retire to the rear, while men of confidence and hopeful spirits see the wonderful opportunities of a new era, and will carve out new fortunes for themselves.

The first step after a period of upheaval, when the ordinary habits of business are upset, is to get everybody working. The relief from the emotional strain of the war, created during 1919 and the first half of 1920, produced a wave of extraordinarily good business, but on an artificial basis.

When people began to recover their senses, they rebelled at the inflated price level, and stopped buying commodities. This pricked the bubble. But as when a balloon bursts in mid-air, the descent was too rapid for safety. The business community needed a parachute, and for lack of it, some have come to grief.

The so-called "Consumers' strike" has gone as far at present as is consistent with safety. While the price level ought eventually to descend still further, if the people attempt to force it further down now, it will increase unemployment, and lead to many disasters. Good merchandise bargains are being offered now, probably as low as they will be at any time during 1921. It is a good time to buy, and public welfare demands a greater movement of commodities.

FOR DAYLIGHT SAVING

(Providence Journal.)

The campaign for daylight saving is on. The New York Legislature may repeal the existing law, but the cities of the State seem certain, in that case, to enact local summer time ordinances. "Greater New York," the organ of the metropolitan Merchants Association, favors Federal adoption of the common-sense system, but, failing that, the great majority of the people in this part of the United States are likely to have daylight saving by municipal authority.

Apparently, however, there is a tendency to restrict summer time five months—from May first to October first, inclusive, regardless of the fact that daylight saving is at least as much needed in April and October as in the intervening period.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent.)

Officers of Daughters of Liberty installed

The following officers of Martha Washington Council, No. 20, Sons and Daughters of Liberty were duly installed last Friday night by State Deputy Hattie Walden, State Councilor Annie Hasney and State Treasurer A. E. Medbury were also in attendance.

Councillor—Mary Steadman.

Associate Councillor—Daisy Wilhies.

Vice Councillor—Margie Lewis.

Associate Vice Councillor—May Allen.

Recording Secretary—Armenie Mitchell.

Assistant Secretary—Mary Shefield.

Financial Secretary—Addie Dodge.

Treasurer—Gertrude Dodge.

Guide—Lillian Rose.

Inside Guard—Lena Mott.

Outside Guard—Minerva Allen.

Trustee—Sarah Sheffield.

Junior Ex-Councillor—Marion Mott.

Junior Ex-Associate Councillor—Edna Sheffield.

Assistant State Vice Councillor—Cassie Smith assisted the State Councillor in the installation ceremonies.

During the evening interesting remarks were made by the visiting State officers. Miss Walden and Mr. Medbury presented an original dialogue entitled "Missing the Boat," which was highly appreciated by the entire lodge.

After the installation ceremonies a supper was served, which was followed by a period of dancing.

Market Whist Attracts a Gala Crowd

The 15th Market Whist of the Athletic Association, held in Mohegan Hall last Saturday night, attracted one of the liveliest and merriest throngs of young people that have turned out thus far this season.

Odd Fellows Install

Neptune Lodge, I. O. O. F., held their annual installation of officers last Saturday night in Odd Fellows Hall.

The installation ceremonial was followed by a turkey supper and smoker.

The following officers were installed by D. D. G. M. Harry L. Smith of Providence and his suite of Grand Officers.

Noble Grand—Rufus Willis.

Vice Grand—Charles Freeman Millikin.

Recording Secretary—E. Burton Dodge.

Financial Secretary—George R. Smith.

Warden—S. B. Dickens.

Conductor—Elmer A. Allen.

Right Supporter to Noble Grand—N. Eugene Stinson.

Left Supporter to Noble Grand—Howard Fisher.

Right Supporter to Vice Grand—Owen S. Mitchell.

Left Supporter to Vice Grand—George Hoard.

Chaplain—Rev. Winifred Arnold.

Inside Guard—Austin Westcott.

State Councillor Annie Hasney and State Deputy Hattie Walden, Sons and Daughters of Liberty, were entertained during their stay on Block Island by Miss Marion Mott at her home at the West Side.

New Club Organizes

The young ladies belonging to Mrs. Earle Lockwood's Sunday School

Jazz Records and Song Hits

A2880-\$1.00

Fi Fi Fum—One Step

Dancing Honeycomb—Fox Trot

A2870-\$1.00

Just Another Kiss—W.

Ah There—Fox Trot

A2883-\$1.00

Mohammed—Fox Trot

Afghanistan—Fox Trot

A2895-\$1.00

Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot

Venetian Moon—Fox Trot

A2898-\$1.00

Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson

C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar JANUARY, 1921

STANDARD TIME

SUN | MON | TUES | WED | THURS | FRI | SAT

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

19 20 21 22 23 24 25

26 27 28 29 30 31 1

2 3 4 5 6 7 8

9 10 11 12 13 14 15

16 17 18 19 20 21 22

23 24 25 26 27 28 29

30 31 1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18 19

20 21 22 23 24 25 26

27 28 29 30 31 1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

31 1 2 3 4 5 6

7 8 9 10 11 12 13

14 15 16 17 18 19 20

21 22 23 24 25 26 27

28 29 30 31 1 2 3

4 5 6 7 8 9 10

11 12 13 14 15 16 17

18 19 20 21 22 23 24

25 26 27 28 29 30 31

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

8 9 10 11 12 13 14

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28

29 30 31 1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8 9 10 11

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

21 22 23 24 25 26 27

28 29 30 31 1 2 3

MISS JULIA EMORY

Raising Funds for a Memorial to Miss Anthony.



CHARGES PLOT TO END CLOSED SHOP

Union Declares Repair Work Is Let Outside to "Milk" Public and Lay Off Workers.

SEES \$750,000,000 INVOLVED

32,000 Discharged, It Says, and Holds Plan to Take Them Back as "Individuals"—Also Accuses the U. S. Steel and Morgans.

Washington.—The International Association of Machinists, an organization with membership of about four hundred thousand, has started a campaign against certain railroad interests, which are charged with attempting, in collusion with J. P. Morgan & Co., the United States Steel Corporation and other financial and industrial institutions, to disrupt union labor and bring about conditions that will favor big business to the detriment of the working men.

There has been trouble brewing for some time and certain leaders of organized labor have alleged that industries were laying off men with a double purpose, which included an assault upon the power of labor organizations. A petition filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by W. Jett Lauer, a former secretary of the War Labor Board, in behalf of William H. Johnston, president of the machinists' organization, was made public here and is said to foreshadow a determined effort on the part of the workers to get their charges aired before the public.

The petition, in effect, alleges that certain railroads are closing their own repair shops, throwing thousands of machinists and other employees out of work, and are giving their locomotive and freight car repair work to large private equipment companies, at a cost sometimes three and four times in excess of the sum at which the work could have been done in their own shops. The amount involved is alleged to be \$750,000,000 annually.

Records show, it is held, that as many as 32,000 men have been laid off at railroad shops only to find that they face far different conditions when seeking employment at the shops of private corporations. In some instances it is alleged by union leaders that these workers are employed only if they surrender their union cards. In the shops of the railroads the workers have certain protection and rights under the Transportation act, legislation which does not cover private shops.

It is held further that the railroads or "certain large banking groups which control the railroads" are frequently interested in these private equipment companies in such a manner that they are not controlled by the Clayton act.

The machinists ask the Interstate Commerce Commission to stop the practice and make the railroads show why they cannot keep their shops open and do their own work.

It is accepted by the machinists that the Interstate Commerce Commission has no jurisdiction in regard to disputes between labor and capital, but in this instance it is held that funds which are paid by the public are being used through the carriers to fight organized labor and that under such circumstances it is a matter for official investigation.

The general charge that there is a widespread movement by certain financial and industrial interests to destroy organized labor is developed in the petition, the alleged action of the railroads being cited as an instance in the larger plot.

The union interests have been seeking means by which to bring their case before the Interstate Commerce Commission and the public since Congress adopted the proposed amendment to the Clayton act extending for one year the right of railroads to have repair work done in private shops in which the officials were interested.

President Wilson vetoed the resolution but it is held that the abuses complained of are still possible and are being practiced.

100-YEAR CENSUS DATA BURNS.

Figures From Every Enumeration Since 1790 Destroyed.

Washington.—Priceless census records dating back to 1790, when the first enumeration of the United States was taken, were destroyed in a fire of undetermined origin at the Department of Commerce. The records included figures from every census up to the present one.

Officials said that it was probably the most disastrous loss of records the government had ever sustained.

INQUIRY ON BALLOON FLIGHT.

Searching but Not Unfriendly Investigation to Be Made.

Washington.—Secretary of the Navy Daniels said that a naval court of inquiry would be convened to investigate the circumstances connected with the loss of the naval balloon which carried Lieutenants Louis A. Kloor, Walter Hinton and Stephen Farrell from the Rockaway Naval Air Station into the isolated whiteness of the Hudson Bay country. The men found their way back to civilization.

The success of Teophil J. Varhelli in inducing residents of Massachusetts to invest \$15,000 in an alleged scheme for operating 300 taxi-cabs in Warsaw with the consent of the Polish government resulted in his arrest. He was charged with larceny of the full amount from investors, who believed in the plan.

Three elephants, Albert, Babe and Queenie, were pressed into service to save several trains of cars from destruction by fire at the winter quarters of Ringling Brothers' circus in Bridgeport, Conn. The big animals methodically pushed the trains out of danger and then quietly returned to their quarters.

ABRAHAM SCHNEIDER

Receives Small Fortune but Will "Stick by the Navy."



Though he recently inherited \$80,000 through the death of his uncle, Abraham Schneider, captain on the U. S. destroyer Wadsworth, stationed at the Philadelphia navy yard, announced he intended to "stick by the navy."

TOBACCO RAISERS
VOTE NO 1921 CROPKentucky Action Presses Summer Outbreak of Night Riders
Many Oppose Decision.

Lexington, Ky.—It is regarded as probable that Kentucky will experience outbreaks of Night Riders next summer. The reason is that delegates from thirty-five counties of Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee and Indiana voted at a mass convention held at the Lexington Opera House to cut out raising a tobacco crop in 1921.

The action was taken because prices for the 1920 output are so low that hundreds of farmers face bankruptcy. Growers by the score, in every county in Kentucky where tobacco is produced oppose the order for a cutout, and if they attempt to put out their usual leaf plants in the spring it is feared Night Riders will destroy the plants.

The convention adopted a resolution asking that all sales houses be kept closed until May 1, and that tobacco which has been withdrawn during the last week should be offered then.

Most warehousemen are of the opinion that the crop should be sold now, regardless of the price, as the product is of poor grade. Another mass meeting of leaf producers will be held here which will be addressed by Representative J. Campbell Cauthill of Kentucky, who telegraphed that he would come here with a plan which he believes will afford relief. Delegates at once wired their home counties of the cut out order and farmers are preparing to obey or oppose, as the case may be.

Henry Prewitt, circuit judge of the Bath, Montgomery county district, presided at the meeting. The 2,000 delegates represented more than 100,000 farmers. The convention was orderly in every way.

Governor Morrow arrived in Lexington and issued a call to any tobacco man who desired to confer with him relative to a possible agreement in the situation. He remained at his hotel all day ready to co-operate. He said private suggestions had been made to him for a compromise, but nothing looking toward any agreement had been instituted.

Down Come Overalls.

New York.—Overall denim prices were revised by one of the largest manufacturers to a basis of 17 cents for \$2.20 indigos.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Presidential electors chosen in November met in their respective states and cast their votes for President and Vice President, thereby formally electing Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge. The results will be sent to the Secretary of State in Washington and he will inform Congress on February 9 of the count. President Wilson definitely passed up to the Harding administration the question of further participation in European affairs growing out of the World War, Ambassador Wallace, at Paris, having withdrawn from further participation.

Reports made public by the Department of Labor show that in the last six months of 1920 food, clothing and furniture and furnishings showed a sharp decline in price throughout the United States.

Senator Johnson of California issued a statement forecasting his intention of pushing forward his project for a Federal Presidential primary law, but recognizing the opposition to be met in the effort.

The Pacific fleet is nearing the Panama Canal Zone for its rendezvous with the Atlantic fleet and for target practice.

Miss Sabra B. Dyer of Belfast, Me., against whom complaint of passing forged checks have been made in several New England cities, pleaded guilty to four charges of that nature in the District Court, Lynn, Mass. The amounts were small and restitution was made. She was given a suspended sentence of one year.

HARDING AGAINST
INAUGURAL FETEDeclares in Telegram to Knox
That Ceremony Should Be
of Simplest Kind.

HISTORIC BALL IS BARRED.

Declares He Prefers Simply to Take
Oath of Office and Start Work—Pa-
rade and Ball Thrown Into Dis-
card at His Request.Marion, Ohio.—In the interest of
national thrift, President-elect Harding
requested officials arranging for his
inauguration to abandon all plans
for an inauguration ceremony.In a telegram to W. B. McLean,
chairman of the Inaugural Committee,
at Washington, Harding declared he
preferred to simply take the oath of
office, deliver a brief address, and then
take up the duties of his office. He
said it would make his position a very
unhappy one if the outlay for an elab-
orate inaugural created the impres-
sion of extravagance.At the same time the President-
elect telegraphed Senator Knox of
Pennsylvania, in charge of the con-
gressional end of the plans, suggesting
that the proposal to erect stands on the
Capitol grounds for the event be
abandoned. This proposal has been
the subject of heated debate in Con-
gress, with some members severely
objecting to the use of public funds
for such a purpose. Harding's tele-
gram to McLean follows:"I beg respectfully to suggest to
your committee the complete aban-
donment of all plans for an inaugural
celebration."Heretofore I have been very reluc-
tant to express my personal views to
your committee, because I know of the
cherished regard in our national Cap-
ital for this quadrennial event, and the
generosity of the citizens of the dis-
trict in making provision for it. You
were good enough to accept the chair-
manship at my request and you and
your associates have won my lasting
gratitude for the time and labor you
have given in preparation."However, if it is becoming to ex-
press my preference, I wish you and
your committee to know that the im-
pression of extravagant expenditure
and excessive cost would make me a
very unhappy participant. I know full
well that the government outlay is
relatively small and that the larger
expenditure comes from the generous
contributions of district citizenship;
but it is timely and wholesome to prac-
tice the utter denial of public expen-
diture where there is no real neces-
sity, and it will be a wholesome ex-
ample of economy and thrift if we
save the money, many thousands which
the inaugural celebration will call
from the private purse of those at-
tending."I have sent a message of like pur-
port to the Congressional Committee
and expressed the wish that no prop-
osal or outlay of any kind be made.
It will be most pleasing to me to be
simply sworn in, speak briefly my
pledge of faith to the country, and
turn at once to the work which will
be calling."The President-elect made his de-
clarion after conferences with several
of his party leaders, to whom he ex-
pressed vigorously his repugnance to
any show of extravagance. The need
for national economy is one of which
he has spoken many times publicly,
and the criticism in Congress over pro-
posed appropriations for the inaugura-
tion has made a deep impression on
his mind.Just how far Harding's action ac-
tually will curtail the ceremonies is
uncertain. It is taken for granted that
at least the inaugural ball, which dis-
appeared from inaugural festivities at
Woodrow Wilson's instance in 1913,
will be one of the features to be defi-
nitely ruled out of the 1921 inaugura-
tion.It also is realized, however, that
great crowds undoubtedly will flood
the capital for the event and some of
the President-elect's friends think that
some sort of a parade will result in-
evitably when Harding makes his pil-
grimage to the Capitol to take the oath.CUTICURA HEALS
ITCHY PIMPLESAlso Blackheads On Face,
Scratched, Lost Rest."I had red pimples all over my
face, and also blackheads. They were
scattered and I used to get
upright and scratch them.They itched something
awful. My face was covered
and I was ashamed to go out.
"I had these pimples for
about three weeks when I
began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment,
and I used five cakes of Cuticura
Soap and two boxes of Cuticura
Ointment when I was healed." (Signed) B. Kabanikin, 204 Spring St.,
Fall River, Mass., May 1, 1919.

CUTICURA TOILET TRIO.

Consists of Soap, Ointment and
Talcum. Prevent distressing skin
troubles becoming serious by mak-
ing Cuticura Soap, and no other,
your every-day toilet soap, assisted
by little touches of Cuticura Oint-
ment now and then. Always include
Cuticura Talcum in your toilet pre-
parations. It is a refined powder of
fascinating fragrance.Sample Pack 10c. Address post-card:
Cuticura Dept., E. M. G. Co., Somerville,
Mass. Cuticura Soap—Lotions without mug.

The Savings Bank of Newport.

Thames Street

Interest 4 1/2 per cent. per annum

DIVIDEND DAY, JAN. 15, 1921

Deposits made on or before January
15, 1921, commence to draw interest
on that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY

you notice many young men in the ruts of extravagance. They are struggling hard to get out.

An account with the Industrial Trust Company helps to eliminate extravagance, establishes the saving habit and leads to success.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month draws
interest from the 1st of that month.

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

MARSH

1 BROADWAY

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND
AUCTIONEER

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended to
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION43 Goods
are Pure
AbsolutelyThe Rev. George W. Welch, pastor
of the Sacred Heart Church of Pitts-
field, Mass., is defendant in two suits,
aggregating \$11,000, filed in the su-
perior court by Agnes L. Connelly and
her husband, Stephen R. Connelly.Mrs. Connelly alleges that on Oct. 25
she was knocked down and dragged
by an automobile driven by Fr. Welch.Thirty-two new industries were es-
tablished in Worcester, Mass., dur-
ing 1920, and all are in a flourishing
condition with the opening of the new
year. Abrasion, grinding, chemicals,
awning-making, electrical plants, tex-
tile mills, leather goods and several
advertising novelty plants are among
the lines represented in the thirty-
two industries.Angier L. Goodwin, who took the
oath of office as mayor of Melrose,
Mass., in his inaugural address scored
youths of school age in Melrose for
their use of cigarettes. He said it was
a matter of great concern to him,
and declared that his office would
co-operate with the police, parents
and school authorities to prevent the
illegal sale of tobacco in the city.The discovery of an epidemic of
hog cholera has led to an investiga-
tion by Dr. A. J. DeFosset, Livestock
Inspector for Vermont. He will en-
deavor to locate the carcasses of the
infected animals to ascertain if any
have been offered for consumption.
The disease appears to have origi-
nated from garbage and has spread
until it is feared that hogs on a dozen
farms are affected.True Efficiency.
Efficiency is a matter of the head
as well as the hands. It can never be
a purely mechanical virtue, for true
efficiency has its origin in careful
thought. The man who forms the
habit of using his brain is never in
danger of becoming a mere machine.

Almost Paradise on Earth.

In the fortunate Bermudas there
are no reptiles to alarm; the indi-
genous small lizard is not even dan-
gerous in appearance, and the green
turtle is translatable into delicious
soup. Of birds and fish the islands
have a splendid store; Bermudians
would not starve to death even should
the importation of meat from this
country cease.

Real Help.

It is the easiest thing in the world
to turn a poor fellow off when he comes
with a big lump in his heart by say-
ing, "Here's a dollar. Go and have a
good time with it." And all the time
what he needs is a hand under his el-
bow and a lift over the road that is
steep.

On Solid Foundation.

Certain world-old principles are the
basis of every form of representative
government, and each succeeding era
but proves the soundness of these
fundamentals. The clock may strike
thirteen, but this is no proof of any-
thing other than that it is in need
of repair.—Exchange.

True Efficiency.

Efficiency is a matter of the head
as well as the hands. It can never be
a purely mechanical virtue, for true
efficiency has its origin in careful
thought. The man who forms the
habit of using his brain is never in
danger of becoming a mere machine.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

By THOMAS HUGHES

Condensation by William Fenwick Harris



Thomas Hughes was born Oct. 20, 1822, at Linslinton, Berks. In 1831 his father sent Tom to Rugby to be under the charge of Dr. Arnold, the doctor and the father had been fellow students at Oriel college, Oxford. Both school and master were made world-famous by the book, "Tom Brown's School Days." Tom Hughes must have been very much the same sort of schoolboy as the hero of the story, but in fact George, his brother, was the original of Tom, as Dean Stanley was the original of Arthur.

Thomas Hughes followed in his father's footsteps at Oriel; he was later called to the bar, and eventually was appointed a county court judge.

His life was one of fine service to humanity; Frederick Maurice was the great influence that worked upon him, and he was of the group, along with Charles Kingsley, who devoted themselves to the cause of the Workingmen's College. He sat in parliament, always a devoted friend of his friends, the workingmen; he tried his hand at an idealistic colony, called Rugby, in Tennessee; he was a frequent visitor to America, and was a great friend and admirer of James Russell Lowell, whose influence over him is shown in the frequent quotations in his books. His other volumes include a sequel to "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Kingsgate, Late," and his "Memories of a Brother." But he will always be remembered as the same great and gentle author who has understood something of the soul of a schoolboy, and who has written the greatest book in English of the schoolboy's life.

"JUST as Tom was swallowing his last mouthful (three o'clock in the morning), winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds. Boots looks in and says: 'Tally-ho, sir,' and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby," answers a hostler.

"Tell young gent to look alive," says the guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting the parcels in; after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top. I'll fasten him presently. Now, there, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-by, father—my love at home. A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard, catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. "Toot, toot, toot! the hostlers let go their heads, the four boys plunge at the collar, and away goes the tally-ho into the darkness, 45 seconds from the time they had pulled up."

So Tom Brown started to begin his school days at Rugby when William IV, sat upon the throne. Squire Brown had meditated "something" as follows the night before: "Shall I tell him to mind his work and to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or for the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he only turns out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want." Upon this view, of the case he framed his last words to Tom. "And now, Tom, my boy, remember you are going at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear, with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps." (Tom was nine.) "If schools are what they were in my time you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen, or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

Tom's father was a great asset to the boy. For though he belonged to what is called the upper middle class, the opinion which the squire loved to propound above all others was the belief that a man is to be valued wholly for that which he is in himself, for that which stands up in the four fleshy walls of him, apart from clothes, rank, fortune, and all external whatsoever. He held further that it didn't matter a straw whether his son associated with lords' sons or plowmen's sons provided they were brave and honest. So Tom had a merry and right democratic time with the boys of the village, and learned much that stood him in good stead when he got to Rugby, among other things to value man or boy wholly for what was in him, whether it was Harry Whidbary, the quietest and best boy to the parish, who taught him the turns and holds which later carried him through his great fight with the bully of Rugby; or poor Jacob Doodle-calf (as the boys nicknamed him), in whose hands everything came to pieces and in whose head nothing would stick, or Job Rudkin, whose scandalized mother demanded on the occasion of a visit from Madam Brown: "Job, Job, where's thy cap?"

"What! Beant on a head,

mother?" replied Job, slowly extricating one hand from a pocket and feeling for the article in question; which he found on his head and lost there, to his mother's horror and Tom's great delight.

It was a new world for Tom. He was a sturdy, and combative urchin, able to fend for himself on his own behalf; yet it was a great boon for him that he fell into the hands of a boy of his own age, but a bit ahead of him at Rugby. The first sight he encountered on his arrival was a jolly crowd of youngsters who looked quite as if they owned the place. One of these young heroes ran out from the rest and greeted Tom. "I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerate astonishment, glad, however, to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming today, and asked me to give you a lift. You see," said his friend, as they strolled up toward the school gates, "a great deal depends on how a fellow gets up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward and holds his head up, he gets on. You see I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half a sovereign this half, and perhaps'll double it next if I keep in her good books."

This began a friendship which lasted through all their school days and meant much to both of them. Friendship and loyalty and good sportsmanship are great features in this book, which shows an insight into the brain and heart of a boy which is just as wise in the year of our Lord 1920 as it was in the days of William IV. Tom and East were together in games, in mischief, in fights, in good deeds, or in deviltry, as they were in ingenious syndicating methods of working out the mysteries of the Greek and Latin languages. And years later, when the wise Doctor Arnold of Rugby decided that Tom was headed toward destruction, it was by means of friendship for a weaker boy who needed his protection that he rescued him. What was the marvel of the doctor's power over boys? "We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye, and men, too, for the matter of that), to a man whom they felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unkindly and unrighteous in our little world. If it was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and slanting below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling us to help him and ourselves and bag another. And so, weary and little by little, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood before them their fellow-soldiers and the captains of their guard. The true sort of captain, too, for a boy's army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and let who would yield or make a truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood."

And so Tom lived his life from the first green days to the last memorable night, when he was "chased" round the quadrangle by the eleven, shouting in chorus: "For he's a jolly, good fellow," himself as great a boy as all the rest, despite the passage of the years and his dignity of captain. It is a story of humanity, with all its good points and its frailties, but especially of loyalty and of friendship; of games, so much like our own in spirit, and yet so different in details; of East and Arthur, of the brutalities of the old flogging system, the school bully and Tom's classic fight with him, of the final war of independence against what was mean and sordid.

"I want to leave behind me," said Tom, speaking low, "the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy or turned his back on a big one. And then, I would sooner have the doctor's good opinion of me as I really am than any man's in the world."

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its Colonies and Dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post-Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved.

Her Inclination. "Now about your poem, Vanessa?" "The editor returned it with regrets."

"Insects?" "Yes; with so many regrets that I feel tempted to send it to him again."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dog Hero of Sea Disaster. Last December when the steamer Ethie ran ashore on the coast of Newfoundland with ninety-two passengers, including a newborn infant, in immediate danger of death in the heavy seas, Reuben Decker of Bonne Bay called his dog and, putting the end of a rope in his mouth, started him to swim to the wrecked ship. The dog, holding the rope fast, plunged into the heavy sea, and after struggling for more than an hour reached the steamer. With the line aboard, the passengers were sent ashore in a breeches buoy, the baby being carried in a small bag. Now the dog has a silver collar, the gift of a number of humane societies of Philadelphia.

"What! Beant on a head,

OPPORTUNITY FOR SELLING FARM PRODUCTS DIRECT TO CONSUMER



The Automobile Brings City Customers to the Door.

There are approximately 7,600,000 automobiles in the United States and there are almost that many farmers.

In this year, when the most expensive crop ever raised by the American farmer seems likely to pile up on his hands for lack of a profitable market, one effective way of catching the motor trade is to note the license numbers, look them up at the city hall or police station on some trip to town, and then drop them postin cards calling attention to the advantage of carrying home a bushel of this and that product on their next trip. This form of appeal is more effective if the farm has a distinctive name, as a constantly increasing number of farms have. One thing essential to building up even a transient trade in farm products is that the market basket popular, and the ordinary automobile owner who keeps house would be perfectly willing to take home a bushel or more of produce if by so doing he could lessen his living expenses.

Stands Along Many Roadways.

Roadside stands for the sale of fruits and vegetables are seen along many highways and frequently have proved profitable. But observation shows that they have not been developed to the full measure of success. One of the principal difficulties is that the auction does not see the stand until he is abreast of it, after which he must make up his mind and check his machine. Then, in nine cases out of ten, he concludes that there will be another stand farther along and that it is not worth while to turn around and go back. One farmer in Pennsylvania solved this difficulty by placing a series of signs along the entire half-mile front of his farm. These greeted the motorist.

"Fresh Fruit One-Fourth Mile."

"Sweet Cider 60 Rods."

"Fresh Comb Honey 50 Rods."

"Fresh Vegetables 40 Rods."

"Fresh Eggs 20 Rods."

The motorist's eye thus was attracted and he had time to make up his mind, and in a large number of instances stopped and made a purchase. The signs were inexpensive and yielded a large profit.

There are many motorists who try

SPREAD OF CORN ROT CAUSED BIG DAMAGE

Not Wise for Beginner to Experiment With So-Called New or Untried Kind of Fowia.

Loss in 1919 Is Estimated at 125,175,000 Bushels.

Diseases Can Be Controlled According to Bulletin Issued by Department of Agriculture—Carefully Select Seed Early.

Corn root, stalk, and ear rots are widely distributed in this country wherever corn is grown, and have caused heavy losses. The 1919 loss is estimated at 125,175,000 bushels, or 4 per cent of the total crop. Preventive measures are recommended in a recent bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture—Farmers' Bulletin 1176. These diseases are caused by several organisms and probably by some other contributing factors.

Investigations now in progress clearly indicate that these corn rots can be controlled. Farmers are advised to select well-matured seed from healthy plants. Avoid all leaning or broken plants and all broken ear shanks, even though the ears look healthy. Select about five times as many ears as are necessary to allow for discarding later all those ears found to be diseased. Cure and store the ears in a dry, well-ventilated place.

After the ears are thoroughly dry, discard all that have too rough denting or that show discolored, pink, cracked, or shredded shank attachments, or with moldy, discolored, or starchy kernels.

Make germination tests of ten representative kernels from each seed ear selected. Keep for seed only those ears represented in the germinator by ten healthy seedlings, cutting open the ten kernels to make sure they are not rotted, even if the sprout appears to be healthy. Discard butt and tip kernels. Then shell each ear separately by hand. In shelling discard any ears with kernels that are starchy, moldy, or dull in color.

Ancient Popular Pastime.

The Chinese have played ball in various ways from times of remote antiquity. For centuries games of ball have been known and played in Japan, Ethiopia and East Indian traditions refer to games with balls played many centuries ago.

HOW

COMMON SUPERSTITIONS ATTAINED THEIR VOGUE

—Many superstitions are supposed to have originated from theories based on the workings of the subconscious mind, or some deductions arrived at by observing old sages who knew how to put two and two together.

Giving a knife to a friend, says the philosopher, was considered a likely way to break off a friendship because it denoted some subconscious but sinister thought on the part of the giver.

He dipped out the bad luck that was supposed to follow a fellow who walked under a ladder in this wise: If a fellow is so lazy he takes the chance of walking under a ladder instead of going around, he's likely to meet with an accident before long.

Picking up a pin, he says, is a trifly habit, and the man who picks it up is both saving and observant, and so likely to have success in whatever he does.

As for the innocent \$2 bill, it got its reputation when some careless shopper first handed it out by mistake for a \$1 bill, and didn't get the right change. And the poor \$2 bill, that really is as nice as any of the Long Green family, has been regarded with a cold and suspicious eye.

The bride who drops her ring shows she is either careless or indifferent to her husband, says the philosopher, so can you wonder that their married life isn't going to be smooth?

And here the crusty old hander out of information leaves us with something to think about.

"The custom of the wedding ring, now that we are on the subject," he tells us with his drest smile, "dates back to the savage tribes. This, one of our most respected customs, had its origin, too, in one of the earliest superstitious rites."

PROVED HUNGER BEST SAUCE

How English King Restored Appetite to High Liver, and Incidentally Collected a Fee.

King Henry VIII liked to stroll about in disguise, and on one of these wandering excursions came to the abbey of Reading, where he declared himself a member of the king's guard, and asked for food. He was served with the best of the monks' food, and among the dishes was a great roast of beef which the royal visitor attacked with gusto and ate until the abbot blushed in wonder.

"I'd give a hundred pounds," he cried, "could I eat like that instead of nibbling at a chicken wing. My stomach is squeasy."

The king departed without identifying himself to the monks, and the very next day the abbot was taken to the Tower and locked in a cell with naught but a bit of bread and water. Several days passed, and then the guards appeared with the information that the abbot was to be freed, and he was conducted to a room where a roast beef was sitting on a table. He was almost starved from his long dieting and he swallowed the last bit of the smoking roast. Out jumped Henry from behind a curtain. "Abbot," cried the king, "I've cured you, and now down with my hundred pounds or back you go to the Tower."

The mony was paid and the abbot departed rejoicing.

How Poinsettias Are Forced.

To get poinsettias ready for the market by Christmas is a problem that has worried florists ever since the bright red flower-like leaves of this beautiful plant took their place as favorite holiday decoration.

The problem has been reduced to a practical solution through the work of Dr. W. W. Garner, tobacco specialist, and H. H. Garner, plant physiologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, who discovered the possibility of advancing or retarding the growth of plants by controlling the period of light each day. Where the light period is shortened the plants reach maturity much sooner than where they are given the natural length of day. In the greenhouses on the department's experimental farm at Arlington, Va., it has been found possible to bring poinsettias into full form as early as August by shortening the daily exposure to light.

How to Prevent Windows Steaming.

This may be prevented either by putting something on the glass to which the water vapor will not adhere, by improving the ventilation or by heating the air near the window so that the steam does not condense on the window. A solution of glycerine in alcohol rubbed over the window on the inside is said to prevent steaming and freezing, while ammonia and various acids are also used to the same end. A double sash on the window is the best preventive in cold weather.

How to Tell Bark of Fox.

The bark of the gray fox can readily be distinguished from that of the red, being more husky, tainter, and thinner, says the American Forestry Magazine. It is heard principally in the spring during the mating season.

"French Leave."

Many authorities believe that the term "French leave" originated in a French custom in the eighteenth century of withdrawing from crowded assemblies without taking leave of host or hostess. Others maintain that the word "French" is a corruption of "frank," meaning "free."

WHY

The Rummage Sale Is a Worthy Institution

Did you ever attend one? Here on a table is old Brown's silk hat that he wore to church many years, and now that he's gone it has been sent by his family to the rummage sale to be disposed of for the benefit of the church.

And there on the counter is an old chihuahua dog that used to guard the mantelpiece in somebody's house. And on a rack hangs the Prince Albert coat that some fellow wore when he was married and which his wife kept as a treasured thing through the years; now she has given it away because the sentiment attached to it finally is dead like last year's leaf.

They are handy institutions, these rummages, enabling one, as they do, to give away for good purposes what he no longer needs, or wants or cares for. He holds on to such things a long time and then one day he gets tired of seeing them around and away they go to the rummagesale, the second-hand store and the rag shop.

But the rummages of mind and characters most people hold on to and cherish forever, observes the Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette. To their dying day they keep old and worn-out prejudices and fight hard for them. They keep fast to habits, knowing they are bad, but lacking the will or the courage to throw them off.

The next time you gather together your old clothes for the rummagesale and have packed them all in one bundle, suppose you say to yourself: "Let's see, what have I left out? What passions, prejudices and habits are cluttering up my mind and character?"

You will not be able to get rid of this rummage as easily as you can dispose of your old clothes, but once having taken stock of it you will know yourself better. The first step to self-improvement is to become acquainted with your defects.

EDGAR FIRST ENGLISH KING

Why It Is Incorrect to Give Honor to Egbert, as Some Historians Have Done.

Egbert is

Charles M. C.,
PHARMACIST,302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Outside the Door

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(C) 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Up and down the piano like a water sprite pursued by a tornado dashed the fingers of Marcel Caron. In his eyes was the wild conquest of music and in his soul all the color and grandeur of a great artist.

Dally Marcel sat at the piano and practiced those wonderful dances that were one day to set the world afire with their flame.

And each day, outside his door, crouched a more or less ragged little figure whose haunted eyes were lighted with the glow of appreciation and whose hungry little body was not less starved for food than was her soul for music.

The corner of the dark hall on the top floor of the rooming house permitted her to crouch with her toyed head as near as possible and drink in the wild music undisturbed.

She was a drab little bundle. Her clothes, her hair and all there was to her seemed drab—all but her eyes, and in them was an intensity of inspiration and slow-burning fire.

Tossed about relentlessly by the winds of fate and being of not sufficient strength of her own to buffet successfully, Doris Värla lingered on the mediocre doorstep of life, being, only half conscious of her own powers and striving with a pitiful maintenance to keep body and soul together by dancing in fifth-rate restaurants.

And Marcel Caron made music in his top-floor, scantly furnished room, that flung the soul of Doris into a wild passion of expression.

She seemed suddenly born of the wind and clouds; her feet light as a fawn, her movements gentle as the moth that hung in the fragrance of a moonlit garden.

Marcel played on, quite unconscious that any human being was within miles of him. He was in a world of his own making and breathing deeply the in-

rested with wonderful light in their depths full on Marcel. He sighed with relief, for he had not known what to expect from that inert heap.

"I must have fallen asleep at your door," Doris said slowly; "the music was so heavenly—so beyond anything I have ever heard—that I—well, I think my senses were quite drugged by its beauty."

It was Marcel's turn to open wide his eyes. This was no mere flattery. It was a soul's appreciation expressing itself more through glowing, brilliant eyes and vibrant little body than by mere spoken praise.

"I could bring the world to my feet if I could but dance to your music," Doris continued rapturously. There was no touch of personal conceit attached to her words. There was just a tremendous desire to express the greatest and best in the art of dancing. "If you would only play again some time so that I may dance the story I conceived to-day—I would be so happy."

Marcel sighed eagerly. "Now—if you like," he said, his eyes reflecting the enthusiasm in her own. It all seemed very natural that genius should meet genius in this unconventional but positive manner, and a moment later Marcel was seated again at his piano. The drab little figure leaped forward almost as soon as the first notes filtered away from Marcel's inspired fingers.

Doris then seemed but a bit of rose petal flung ruthlessly about by an all-powerful wind. Light as a feather she was hurried relentlessly across the rude floor but with a grace and beauty that quite took the breath from Marcel's excited breast. Never had he imagined his music could be interpreted with so perfect a following of his own conceived idea.

He "played" his newly composed "Weeping Willow" with its wonderful use of the minor strain, and Doris seemed but a bit of drooping willow branch. Her head, her shoulders and her whole body responded to the theme until Marcel could have wept with the sadness of it.

"Girl!" he cried suddenly, for he did not know her name, "we two must work together! With your exquisite interpretation of my music we will wend our way into the art world." He gazed wistfully at Doris as if a slight fear possessed him that she might not feel as he did. But her eyes were blazing with inspiration and enthusiasm which promised well for their future.

"We could begin in the cabaret—where I dance," she suggested quickly. "It will be just a stepping stone, and we must live—while we progress." Doris smiled softly. "I am very happy to have fallen asleep at your door."

"And I," said Marcel, with his winning grace, "am happy to have found you there."

They began, as Doris suggested, in the cabaret where Doris danced, but soon wended their way nearer the heart of real art, and before many moons had waned found they were to an engagement on the metropolitan stage.

"Marcel," said Doris as she drew near to him before going down for the great engagement, "we have almost reached the top—are you not very happy?"

"Doris," Marcel returned, and in his eyes was a terrible sadness, "I will never reach the top—through music and I am afraid—"

"Not through music—then what?" asked Doris, but in her heart she knew.

"Only through love," Marcel told her.

"And have you tried to reach the top—through love?" queried Doris. "I am afraid. The public loves you so. You are too wonderful."

"The public is nothing—I am not wonderful at all—if you are not going to reach—if your next composition is not to be of love, and if we are not to make it our greatest expression of art."

Marcel flung his eager arms about her. "We have already reached the very top—dear."

SOLITUDE.

Give me the flowing river that runs between the pine-clad shores! Give me the babbling brook with its rippling music! And you may have the crowded streams of commerce that rush and toss between the huge piles of granite.

Give me the twinkling stars—the glow of the silver moon! And a million electric torches that illuminate the great cities are yours.

Give me the music of the wind-swept trees! And keep your sympathies. Give me the belowing herd, the crowing cock, the chirp of the new-hatched brood! And your Caruso and McCormack will not be missed.

Give me the joyous vision of the budding rose that fills the untiled fields, the bluebells by the brook, the cowslip in the marshy bed! And you may have all the forced blooms, the result of man's effort to improve on the works of God.—L. J. Muler in the Utah Chronicle.

There are more than 50 kinds of gulls to be found all over the world. Most of these are marine or sea-dwelling birds, though several species are found near bodies of fresh water, like the Great Lakes and other inland seas. As there are many kinds of gulls, so, too, they have many names, some of which possess real charm and interest. Among them are the arctic gull, the goose gull, the herring or silvery gull, the Iceland gull, the kittiwake, the laughing gull, and the seagulls.

Late-maturing plants with ears that are hairy because of the excessive amount of sap should be ignored. Sap-eating insects increase the harvest.

A Dream.

A Boston banker says we are an extravagant nation. In this he makes no reference to us personally. One of our fondest ambitions is some day to be able to have enough gathered together so that we can go out and buy what it is like to be extravagant. Detroit Free Press.

Her Voice Improved.

When Jennie was a child at school

and had to read aloud the lessons on the blackboard, the pupils in the

benches two or three rows in front of her could hardly hear her. Now Jennie is married and has two small children, and when she takes them to the neighborhood picture show and reads the lines blabbed on the screen, it is audible to everybody for six or seven rows in front of her.—Film Fun.

She opened wide her eyes. They

FALL IS BEST TIME TO SELECT
SEED CORN FOR USE NEXT YEAR

Stringing the Ears on Twine for Storing.

Early selection of seed corn is of special importance this year, according to specialists of the department of agriculture. Much of the corn crop is at least two weeks late, and early fall frost would cause a repetition of the conditions in 1917, when a large part of the corn crop was frozen and was not for seed. The following spring, seed corn was very scarce and high.

Good seed corn is the secret of a good corn crop, and autumn is the time for the selection of corn to be planted the following season.

Many farmers put off seed selection until the spring when there is a scarcity of good seed corn. There is danger in this delay every year, but when the corn crop is late, as it is this year, the danger is especially great. Each spring the department of agriculture receives reports from many sections telling of the willingness of farmers to pay good prices for seed corn and their inability to obtain it.

This scarcity could be prevented by selecting the seed when it is most abundant and when the very best can be obtained—at planting time when it has been in no way reduced in vitality. Many let this opportunity pass, the farmers expecting to purchase their seed corn; only to find that they cannot buy at any price in the winter or spring as good seed as they could have selected in the autumn.

Requirements for Seed.

Until a community has its experienced and honest corn breeder, the best place for the farmer to obtain seed corn is from fields on his own farm or in his neighborhood that were planted with a variety that has generally proved most successful in that locality.

By far too many farmers consider seed good simply because it will grow. To be first-class, seed corn must be—

Well adapted to the seasonal and soil conditions where it is to be planted.

From well-grown productive plants of a productive variety.

Well matured and preserved from ripening time to planting time in a manner that will retain its full productivity.

The importance of these three requirements has been demonstrated through experiments by the office of corn investigations, bureau of plant industry, United States department of agriculture, and the results given in Farmers' Bulletin No. 1175, recently published by that department.

At corncracking time, specialists of the department advise, drop all other business and select an abundance of seed corn. The process is too important to be conducted incidentally while husking. Seed corn should be selected from stalks standing where they grew. In this way the seed corn can be obtained from.

Stalks that have an inherent tendency to yield well, as shown by their superiority over surrounding stalks that grew under similar conditions, such seed inherits high-producing power.

Stalks without suckers. Such seed produces fewer suckers than seed from sucker-bearing stalks.

Stalks that are free from disease. Among the best methods for the control of several important corn diseases, including the ear and stalk rot, is the selection of seed corn from disease-free stalks. The selection of disease-free seed corn is discussed in Farmers' Bulletin No. 1176, entitled "The Control of Corn Root, Stalk, and Ear Rot Diseases."

Husk Ears From Stalks.

As soon as the corn matures, the farmer should go through his field with a seed-picking bag and husk the ears from the stalks that have produced the most corn without having any special advantages, such as space, moisture, or fertility.

Avoid the large ears on stalks standing singly with an unusual amount of space around them.

Preference should be given to the plants that have produced most heavily in competition with a full stand of less-productive plants. In all localities the inherent tendency of the plant to produce heavily of sound, dry, shelled corn is of most importance.

Late-maturing plants with ears that are hairy because of the excessive amount of sap should be ignored. Sap-eating insects increase the harvest.

A Dream.

A Boston banker says we are an extravagant nation. In this he makes no reference to us personally. One of our fondest ambitions is some day to be able to have enough gathered together so that we can go out and buy what it is like to be extravagant. Detroit Free Press.

Her Voice Improved.

When Jennie was a child at school

and had to read aloud the lessons on the blackboard, the pupils in the

benches two or three rows in front of her could hardly hear her. Now Jennie is married and has two small children, and when she takes them to the neighborhood picture show and reads the lines blabbed on the screen, it is audible to everybody for six or seven rows in front of her.—Film Fun.

She opened wide her eyes. They

PINK SATIN DRESS

Evening Gown Embroidered With Bugle Beads and Tulle.

Two Straps Are Used Over Each Shoulder to Hold the Gown in Place.

An evening dress is of pink satin embroidered with opaque bugle beads and pink tulle. The short-waisted bodice is of satin with a double edging of tulle at the top. Instead of single straps to hold the gown in place, there are two over each shoulder, both in the front and back. They diverge from each other in oblique lines and fasten to the tulle as well as to the satin part of the bodice. The material used is narrow silver ribbon, studded at intervals with rhinestones. The skirt consists of a narrow foundation of satin and two full-gathered overskirts of tulle, finished at the lower edges with silver cord. The bugle heading is worked on the satin bodice and the foundation skirt in an elaborate scroll pattern. A large rose of a deeper hue than the satin and tulle is placed at one side of the bodice to add the finishing touch.

Brilliant sapphires blue tulle and sequins are used for the development of another evening gown. The rather loose-fitting bodice is cut to give a low waistline, and the girdle, which is carelessly draped around it, is of crushed tulle. This starts down so that it is lower over one hip, and here

AN OSTRICH TRIMMED BLOUSE



Since ostrich is used in many other articles of apparel, a thoughtful designer, trimmed this dainty waist with it. The blouse is made of brown satin. The "Sarah Bernhardt" sleeve is another feature. The high collar trimmed with ostrich looks particularly well.

FASHION NOTES

For street wear drapery and velvet are most favored, while for the dinner frock the semi-high neck and sleeveless velvet gown is very popular.

For the time being no change is present in the culture. It remains extremely simple, the forehead free, the hair rolled low on the nape of the neck, sides softly waved and nearly on the cheeks.

Attractive sport gauntlets are of camel's hair, brushed and knitted wool, with turn-back cuffs that show the gay colors of different Scotch clans.

For the younger element bouffant types are receiving as much approval as in past seasons, and the full skirt is also gaining favor.

New sweaters show much use of white angora trimming. The sweaters that are to be taken to the southern beaches have very abbreviated sleeves, and short sleeves will probably be generally favored next summer.

There are innumerable collar variations this season. The high, medium and low line are all treated in various ways. There are many plain round necks, others are slashed, and others are pointed. Some of the high collars are turn-overs, some are straight in manlike effect, while some are completed by a decidedly masculine bow tie.

Imported scarfs of silk, in white, blue and buff, in a new open lace stitch, have their ends embroidered in gay colored wools.

SELECTION OF SPORT DUDS

In Making Choice It Is Safe to Decide on What Is Sensible and Becoming.

The women of America rival those of England in the way they wear their sport clothes and the good judgment with which they select them, asserts a fashion writer. The increasing popularity of sport clothes for everyday wear has, of course, gained for them a great deal more of the designer's attention. Many a garment, such as the sweater, which only a few years ago was considered almost entirely from the standpoint of utility, has become a very important article in country life. Creators who formerly would have scorned the idea of wasting time on the sweater now consider it well worth while to spend any amount of time in working out new designs in these.

It is as important for a woman to give a great deal of consideration to outfit clothes as to any part of her wardrobe. Every detail should be carefully thought out and the buying done after the greatest deliberation. It is much easier to make mistakes in this type of dress than in any other. Some very ill-assembled clothes are worn under the name of sport apparel. If there is a question as to what is correct, it is almost invariably safe to decide on what is sensible and becoming.

VEST VOGUE STILL FAVORED

Accessory Holds Prominent Place in Suits—Waistcoat and Blouse

May Be Combined.

The waistcoat, or vest of some sort, is quite pronounced in suits. There is the short pointed vest of cloth, which is really part of the coat itself, the vest of fur with high neck awning collar and the long waistcoat of a contrasting material. This is really a blouse as there is a back and sleeves of white crepe de chine, the rest portion being of white taffeta. However, the idea is to exploit the vest, which is made of a different material from the blouse portion for this very purpose, although what might be termed as the blouse part cannot be said to be altogether unobtrusive, as the thinner white silk, of which it is made, is plaid with lines of black stitching, hand done.

An Ivory Bracelet.

An attractive ivory bracelet has a design of white elephants.

Land of the Orris Root.

Orris root, which is used as a basis of many perfumes, is obtained only from Florence and in the neighborhood of Verona.

When Green and Tender.

It is in our salad days that we are most particular about our dressing.—Boston Transcript.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Keep your machinery in good order.

The sorghums are the dry-weather crops.

You feed your live stock—why not feed your soil, too?

Seeds are to be scarce this year. Better get yours early.

Soy beans planted with the corn increase the yield per acre.

Keep a few extra parts on hand—saves going to town after them.

Corn-cutting machinery saves time when time is of great importance.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)
Annual Meeting of Sarah Rebekah Lodge

The annual meeting and installation of officers was held at Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, on Wednesday evening. District Deputy President Miss Evelyn Honeywell, of Esther Lodge, No. 6, of Newport, accompanied by her suite of officers, officially visited the lodge and installed the elective and appointive officers. Those on the installing board were as follows:

District Deputy Grand Marshal—Edith Peckham.

District Deputy Grand Warden—Gertrude Ehrhardt.

District Deputy Grand Recording Secretary—Emma Underwood.

District Deputy Grand Treasurer—Kathryn Dawley.

District Deputy Grand Financial Secretary—Ella S. Dunbar.

District Deputy Grand Chaplain—Lizzie O. Barker.

District Deputy Grand Inside Guard—Minnie Crandall.

District Deputy Grand Outside Guard—Selma McGrail.

The new officers, elective and appointive, of Sarah Rebekah Lodge were as follows:

Noble Grand—E. Gertrude Elliott.

Vice Grand—Christine E. Chase.

Recording Secretary—Mary E. Manchester.

Treasurer—Jethro H. Peckham.

Financial Secretary—Sarah C. A. Peckham.

Warden—Mabel R. P. Sison.

Conductress—Mabel I. Holman.

Left. Support to Noble Grand—Gertrude S. Bishop.

Right S. to N. G.—Mildred Bishop.

Right S. to V. G.—Sarah A. Hand.

Left S. to V. G.—Mary E. Caswell.

Chaplain—Mrs. Annie C. Peckham.

Inside Guard—Anna M. Burge.

Outside Guard—George A. Brown.

Miss Mildred Bishop was not installed, as she was unable to be present.

Remarks were made by a number of the visitors and by the Past Grand, Elizabeth H. Sherman.

At the close of the installation ceremonies a gift of gold was presented to the District Deputy President, Miss Honeywell, by the Noble Grand, of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, from the members of that lodge.

A bountiful supper was served by the Social committee, with Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop as chairman.

Mrs. Sarah C. A. Peckham presided at the piano during supper.

Regular Meeting of Town Council and Probate Court

All the members were present at the regular meeting of the town council and probate court which was held on Monday afternoon at the Town Hall.

In the town council the petition of Elizabeth E. Parkinson for a vintueller's license was granted, fee \$5.

The petition of S. Kauffman for a license to peddle dry goods and notions was granted, fee \$5.

The clerk was instructed to ask the Newport County Electric Company to place lights at Childs street and Dexter street.

The town clerk was authorized to draw an order on the town treasurer for \$125, the balance due the Portsmouth Free Public Library, from the Town appropriation.

Edwin L. Tripp and Daniel H. Gleason were appointed special constables to serve at the Narragansett Shipbuilding Company, at the expense of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Frederick W. Holman presented his resignation as liquor constable, his reason being lack of support generally. The matter was laid on the table for further consideration.

The Overseer of the Poor was authorized to take Manuel Barker to the State Home and School.

The petition of Arthur S. Phillips for permission to lay water pipes under the Common at Bristol Ferry was allowed, provided said pipe be laid not less than two feet below the surface, Mr. Phillips to be responsible for damage resulting therefrom.

Voted that the Town Sergeant be notified by the Clerk that no further bills of his will be honored by the town council, except for such duty as is especially ordered by the council.

Also that Clarence B. Pierce, police constable, receive the same notice.

William J. Deegan and Thomas Birtwistle were appointed police constables, Thomas Birtwistle to act as assistant, and both to act under the direction of the council.

The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, that the liquor law should be strictly enforced, and they desire to notify the citizens of the town that any complaint presented to the council in writing will be looked into and prosecuted if the evidence is sufficient to warrant it."

Voted that William W. Anthony, the dog constable, be instructed to enforce the town ordinance relating to dogs.

The matter of declaring Mill Lane a public highway was continued to February 8.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

In the probate court, the petition of Addie B. Northup that Marion P. Hall be appointed administratrix of the estate of Charles M. Cornell was allowed. Bond was required in the sum of \$2000, with Herbert F. Hall as surety. John R. Coggeshall was appointed appraiser.

The first and final account of Joe F. Brazil, administrator of the estate of Anna B. Brazil, was referred to February 8.

The petition of Robert H. Manchester to be appointed administrator of the estate of Grace E. Manchester was received, and all parties interested waiving notice, was allowed. Personal bond was required in the sum of \$1000.

The inventory of Frances J. Faulkner was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first and final account of Alonso E. Borden was allowed and ordered recorded.

The will of Frederick A. Sisson was proved and ordered recorded. Bond was required in the sum of \$2000, with Ella W. Sisson as surety.

The petition of Mary B. Almy, who was appointed executrix of the will of Henry W. Almy, declining that trust because of ill health, and asking that Donald L. Thurston be appointed administrator with the will annexed, was allowed. The executor was required to give bond in the sum of \$14,000 with surety satisfactory to the clerk. Herbert E. Chase was appointed appraiser.

Miss Muriel C. Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Pierce, is quarantined to her home with scarlet fever.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, December 30, 1920.
State of Lorenzo Littlefield.

FRANK LITTLEFIELD, testator of the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of the deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased was liable to, and settling his estate according to law, that said deceased at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of certain parcels of land situated in said Town of New Shoreham with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows:

Fifth parcel is bounded northerly on land of Harold R. Littlefield, easterly on land of John H. Hulme and land of George L. Payne and wife, southerly and westerly on the highway, containing about four acres of land, and known as the Homestead estate.

Second parcel is bounded northerly on land of John Littlefield, Esq., and land of the Primitive Methodist Church, easterly on the highway and Town Hall property, southerly on the Town Hall property, the highway and Moit's Pond and westerly on Moit's Pond and land of Alvin H. Sprague, containing about one-half acre of land.

Third parcel is bounded northerly on land of the heirs of Wm. P. Ball and Trini's Pond and land of Hamlin F. Mott, easterly and southerly on the highway, and westerly on land of Harold R. Littlefield, containing about four acres of land.

Fourth parcel is bounded northerly on land of William A. Hull and the highway, easterly on the highway and land of Josiah S. Peckham, southerly on Fresh Pond and westerly on land of said William A. Hull, containing about six acres.

Fifth parcel is bounded northerly by land of John E. Redden and others and land of Harold R. Littlefield, easterly on land of Winfield S. Dodge and land of Loyell H. Dickens, and land of Charles M. Hall and westerly on the Ocean, containing about ten acres.

Sixth parcel is bounded northerly on land of Hamilton M. Ball and others and land of the heirs of Edmund Dodge, easterly on land of the heirs of Edmund Dodge and other land of the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield and westerly on land of Parker Mitchell and wife and land of John E. Dunn, containing about seven acres of land.

Seventh parcel is bounded northerly on land of said Parker Mitchell and John E. Dunn and land of the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, easterly on land of Helen L. Kehlbeck, southerly on the highway and westerly on land formerly of Nathaniel Ball, deceased, containing about six acres of land.

Eighth parcel is an undivided interest in and to a lot of land containing four acres, formerly belonging to Edmund Dodge, deceased, bounded northerly and westerly on the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, easterly on land of Laurence Ball and Robert E. Gull and southerly on land of Helen L. Kehlbeck, or, if otherwise either of said parcels may appear to be bounded.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole undivided advantage to the testator therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or as much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is accordingly referred to the seventh day of February at 2 o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the New- port Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 14, 1921.

Estate of Enos Peckham.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Enos Peckham, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented to the Probate Court of the City of Newport, and is rejected and referred to the Thirtieth day of January instant, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the New- port Mercury.

HERBERT W. TINSON, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Jan. 3, 1921.

Estate of George H. Conley.

ELEANOR A. CONLEY, Executrix of the estate of George H. Conley, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her account with the estate of said deceased for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 25th day of February at 2 o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the New- port Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Jan. 15, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of SARAH JANE CHAMPLIN, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said will and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WILLIAM L. PECKHAM, Executor.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Jan. 15, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED will be hereby notified that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, administrator of the estate of EARL A. SMITH, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HARRY L. SMITH, Administrator.

1-15

RHODE ISLAND

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Spring Term Begins Monday, Jan. 31

At 10 o'clock A. M.

All candidates must be graduates of an approved high school, with recommendations from principal.

No entrance examination required.

For catalogue or other information apply to WALTER E. RANGER, Secretary Trustee, 119 State House, or to JOHN L. ALGER, Principal, Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

1-15-2

THE

Newport Gas Light Co.

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT

Napoleon's Marshals.

Napoleon had ten marshals. They were Ney, Massena, Bernadotte, Marmon, Murat, Davout, Soult, Bessièvre, Augereau and Lannes.

Mortgagee's Sale

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Franklin T. Burch and Eliza L. Burch, his wife, to the Savings Bank of Newport, dated March 25th, A. D. 1897, and recorded in Volume 45 at pages 302 and 303 of the Mortgages Land Evidence of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, which is a copy of the condition of said mortgage, having been made and still existing, the said Mortgagee will sell at Public Auction in front of the Court House in said Newport, on January 22nd, A. D. 1921, at 10 A. M., all the right, title and interest which said Franklin T. Burch and Eliza L. Burch, his wife, and his heirs, executors, administrators and successors, had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and by said mortgage conveyed, or to that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Westerly on Cross street, thirty-one and seven-tenths (31.7) feet, Northwesterly on Union street, twenty-four and one-tenth (24.1) feet; Southerly on land of Alvin H. Sprague, fifty (50) feet; Eastwardly on land of the heirs of the devisees of John D. Swan, twenty-nine and a whitethorn (29.8) feet; and Southerly on land of the heirs or devisees of Pardon W. Stevens, fifty (50) feet, containing about fifteen feet and three inches by fifteen feet and three inches, or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described; said premises being all that was granted by said Mortgagee, which is hereby made part hereof.

And the said Mortgagee hereby gives notice that it intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT.

By Grant P. Taylor, Trustee.

Newport, R. I., January 1, 1921.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc.

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 1st, 1921.

WHEREAS ALMYRA H. BARLOW, of the City of Newport in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of matrimony now existing between said Almyra H. Barlow and Joseph W. Barlow, now in parts to the said Almyra H. Barlow unknown; and whereas an order for notice to the said Joseph W. Barlow by publication has been entered.

THE THEREFORE Notice is hereby given to the said Joseph W. Barlow of the pending or said petition, and if he appears in this office, he will be informed of the contents of the same.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or as much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is accordingly referred to the seventh day of February at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, citation having been served according to law.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

1-15

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

Newport December 11th, 1920.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of ALICE E. HIGBEE, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

And praying that